

DISCORDEER

May 1995

That Magazine From CjTR 101.9 fm

Free!



The
FIENDS

Grand Theft Audio

Mystery Machine

Simple Machines

Sick of it all

Glueleg

バンドやってるぜ！*



FIELD DAY Friction

Their long-awaited debut, full-length is chock full of heady goodness, with 14 hearty songs that were dipped in whiskey and then rolled in sugar for your consumption!



NO USE FOR A NAME Leche Con Carne

One of Fat Wreck's finest, No Use For A Name bust out with their third and most extraordinary release to date.



BLINK Cheshire Cat

From Foway, CA, and on the hot new Grilled Cheese label, Blink deliver a NOFX-ish combination of punk and melody, and lyrics that combine sincere feeling with toilet humour.



MRS. TORRANCE Why The Sky

With just a few shows under their belt, Mrs. Torrance made enough jaws drop to make us beg for this Lp. *Why The Sky* is their indie released debut and an impressive starting point for a band slated for greater things to come!



ME MOM & MORGENTHAU We Are Revolting

With eleven "Live and/or Obscure" tracks from 1990-1994, *We Are Revolting* is a fitting farewell from one of Canada's most imaginative and irreverent bands in recent years.



KMFDM Nihil

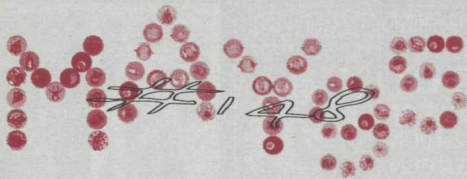
In a world of copycats and categories, KMFDM with their edgy mix of dance, metal, industrial, alternative and hard rock sounds, defy labels and stand as true originals. Includes "Juke Joint Jerebel."

* IF THESE ACTS ARE FOREIGN TO YOU...
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"INDIE VILLAGE "

CARGO
RECORDS

What the fuck is a pog?



DIS-cover

To be called a "Veteran" of a scene is a dubious compliment in this world so orgasmic about youth, but we can't think of a nicer way to say that Jim Cummins (aka I, Braineater) has been an artistic presence in this city for as long as Vancouver's been a punk rock town. He also styled this month's cover and for that we are thankful.

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To the folks at DISORDER:

I was shocked to find that you hid behind your veil of anonymity to make fun of Mary Lou Lord, using me as a shield (April issue). I am a regular contributor to this mag. I enjoy working on it and I appreciate the work that you do. I do not appreciate it, however, when you have your fun at other people's expense. Putting Mary Lou Lord in a dumpster was an immature response to what Courtney Love said, and what she said was, well, what she said. You can believe it if you want. But my name is the only name on the article. I appear to be responsible for everything, graphics and all. Had I known you were going to use my attempt at exposing a cool indie artist to show off your computer talent while glorifying Courtney Love's words, I

would not have submitted it in the first place.

Sincerely,

Miko Hoffman

While I certainly do appreciate your contributions to the mag and I understand where you're coming from, I don't think that what we did with the Mary Lou Lord piece merits an apology.

First of all, we do not hide behind a "veil of anonymity"; our names are clearly displayed in the masthead. True, your name is the only name that appears on the article itself, but I think our readers are savvy enough to understand the distinction between editorial content and graphic presentation. The former is the domain of the individual contributor; the latter is the domain of the magazine's staff.

I don't fuck with content. I edit for space, readability

and the usual assortment of grammatical errors, but I never alter the tone or context of a writer's work. Your words are your own and anyone who reads your article will realize that you respect and admire Mary Lou Lord both as an artist and an individual.

Graphics are another matter. While we certainly wouldn't design a layout that was patently offensive or radically contrary to the tone of any specific written article, the overall visual style of the magazine is our forum for expression. As such, it should reflect certain attitudes and "values" which we hold, among them irreverence and an appreciation of irony. Putting Mary Lou Lord in a dumpster was indeed "immature". It was also harmless, silly and funny. It was not malicious, and unless Mary Lou is absolutely lacking a sense of humour I doubt very

much that she was offended by it. [In fact, I have spoken with someone who talked to Mary Lou after her most recent show in Vancouver and he assures me that she laughed it off when he showed her the article.] It was a joke, and hopefully one of "the things that distinguishes 'cool indie artists' from uptight, egocentric rockstar assholes is their ability to take one.

dear grant,

I was recently privy to your glowing review of Elliot (only the best band in the world and you know what they say about genius going unrewarded... about prophets in their own time...) and had a good chuckle over someone writing for the disorder (sic) whining about "wasting their time". I guess you'd know.

ciao,

lisa smrrrrrrrr

Dear Disorder correspondence reader,
Nothing is quite like anything else, and a free copy of Juliana Hatfield's *Only Everything* is no exception. A hearty "thanks" in advance for your keen distribution of complimentary corporate capital. Hey! Great looking Disorder this April! Much more readable!

Sincerely,

Charlie Cho

Dear Disorder,

I heartily agree with your position on corporate rock, and it's high time to use them and abuse them and get as much free stuff as possible. Show the corporations no mercy, no quarter. Since I support indie rock by purchasing from indie labels, allow me the pleasure of turning the knife in the back of corporate rock one more time. Yes, I will gladly accept free stuff. Send me Juliana Hatfield's *Only Everything*. Bear in mind my tongue is firmly planted in my cheek, as we are all caught in the tentacles of the corporate octopus. Thanks for the story on Mary Lou Lord. She's pretty wonderful. Keep up the good work.

Ron Muir

Juliana Hatfield must be

doing something right, 'cause we received a truckload of postcards for last month's contest. Or maybe it was the thrill of dissing corporate rock while still reaping its rewards. Whatever, you two guaranteed yourselves CDs by doing that which so many others failed to do: KISS MY ASS!! [Hey, the whole contest reeked of hypocrisy and capitulation to base instincts anyways, so who am I to buck the trend?]

Oh fuck!!!

They say that only a poor craftsman blames his tools, but I'm pretty sure they started saying that before Macintosh computers were invented. We experienced beacoup de Mac malfunctions last month, and as a result of my consequent brain hemorrhaging I forgot to give a few deserving people credit for their work. Oddly enough, they're all photographers: Dominic Guillet (d.b.s. photos on pgs 18-19), Sean Roggett (live Mary Lou Lord photo on pg 21), Samantha Colvert (the main photo on pg 24), Lori Kiessling (Bikini Kill photo on pg 27 which was erroneously credited to Sean Roggett). Happy now? Good.

Chipmunks in "Eat Squirrels in MY Words."

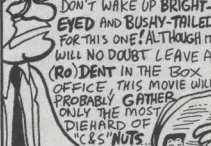
THE REVIEWS ARE IN, BOYS.



OK, SO THE REVIEWS ARE LESS THAN YOU MEAN, LIKE PERFECT. YOU KNOW THESE CRITICS - THE STOCK THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT CLICHES AND THE MOVIE. ONLY HOW THE GOOFY CLEVER THEY LOOK IN PRINT.



LIKE LISTEN TO THIS ONE - CHIPMUNKS & SQUIRRELS - THE MOVIE: A CORNY FLICK!



WHAT CORN! SOMEONE THAT UNIMAGINATIVE AND UNORIGINAL OUGHT TO BE WRITING AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL COMICS.



I SAID... SOMEONE THAT UNIMAGINATIVE & UNORIGINAL OUGHT TO BE WRITING



cowshed

the phone rang off the hook late last Wednesday, actually I'm not sure whether or not it was late, I checked my messages late that day and there it was, so late it is. It sounds better this way, trust me. It was a potential job offer and to say the very least I was excited, damn. It was a job offer. It was just that I now had to go through some sort of interview process, one that I have never been through before and hope to never have to go through again. I have not formally applied for a job in over eight years. They have just sort of come along at the best of times when I've been able to take advantage of them, and for the most part they have been good to me. But now at a time when things are at best unstable I have this job up that may take me far from the west coast and into the cold of the Canadian east. Not that east, but east enough for me, thank you, and at a time when old girlfriends speak to me only

when it's convenient for them to do so and others choose to ignore me all together maybe a move east would be great for all concerned. shit, the phone message mentioned peoples names I know, all of whom were in my corner, so to speak, pulling for me. Others have asked when I am moving as if the job is mine for the taking while others are asking if they can have my place while I'm away - sensing that I'll be back even if so. I was up for said job back east. It's a sad thing - hope it generally adds despair to one's life regardless of what happens. Hope brings with it tears and regret as well. We all sit back and wonder if what it is we hope for is really what we want ultimately, be careful of what you hope for, you just might get it. Whoever said that gets my vote - eternally, and to all those I haven't seen in the last little while - I'll see you this summer. I hope.

gth

Vancouver special

by Sean Maggett and Dale Sawyer

So this is it, it's that time of year again for the sonic-corporate grind machine that is the **Music West** festival (or Music Waste, as some indie fans have been known to call it). Since the recent "indie revolution", many industry types wonder if there is weighted momentum behind the trend which has seen more than a few underground artists rise to the top of the rocklists in the previous year. What is the state of independent music today? Jonathan Poneman, co-owner of Sub-Pop Records (which recently sold 49% of ownership to Warner Music for a rumoured \$20 million) will host a panel in the conference exploring just this topic.

A safe bet for those wishing to skip the academic side of things will be the **Slam City Jam**, "two days of skating frenzy with live music to match." Not only is the Plaza of Nations site of the North American Skateboard championships (street style and vertical) May 13th-14th, but the likes of Strung Out, D.O.A., Fitz of Depression, Agent Orange, 12 Eyes, Breach, the Skaterigs, d.b.s. and Good Riddance are scheduled to perform during the weekend. Ticket prices are \$15/day, less if you have a full festival wristband. For more information on Music West, phone 684-9338.

Talk about indie rock heroes! Last month's **Scratch Records** was hit by a theft during the "whole lot of CDs" were stolen. On April 1st, Lotus Seed Paste Moon Cakers, The Tonics, and Zumpano threw down a benefit blast at Pussycat to recoup some of the losses. In attendance at the gig was Photo Sonic photographer Paul Clarke, who momentarily escaped the wilderness by stepping out into the Vancouver night for a breath of fresh air. On his fateful stroll, he noticed two shadowy figures lurking mysteriously outside. Scratch, and immediately returned to the benefit to alert the owners of a recurring disaster. Unfortunately, by the time the cavalry gathered back at the

scene of the second would-be crime, the foiled thieves had already sneakily slipped off into the night.

Talk about wrecking the neighborhood...you all know Chris, the **franky lookin' old-school hippy guy** who never sleeps and sells everything you never needed a few doors down from Zulu Records? Now that a certain retail chain has taken up residence on the corner, the upholder of neighbourhood flavour (ie - the goddamn hippy) will be forced to relocate after many years of community involvement, as his storefront is slated for demolition. In order to comply with city ordinances, a beautiful "new store" parking lot will occupy the space where Chris has plied his wares for so many years.

Et cetera, et cetera: By the time you read this **Bum** will have already returned from their one-week jaunt in Spain, where they have been supporting their new record **Make It Or Break It** on the Spanish label Impossible Records. **Zumpano** are gearing up for their summer tour of east coast USA with the Poster Children and Velocity Girl. Shortly after their new **Dildozer 7"** was released, local punk 'n' dead rockers **Gob** were picked up for a year's worth of their clean, tight and quick pop on Mint records, a contract which will likely include some shortie vinyl and a new full-length record. Gob are set to tour the continent with Ten Days Late this summer. Also touring are **Mint's Pluto**, starting in eastern Canada with Sonic Unyon recording artists treble charger. Both bands play a

warm-up

all ages show

April 30th at the Town Pump with The Posies, Cinnamon and Mystery Machine (2pm). The new **Mystery Machine** record 10 Speed was released this

month on Netwerk - a clean listen which may have even more widespread appeal than their first record **Gloazed**.

LOCAL REVIEWS!

So ya think yer punk enough to handle Chris "Fans of Bad Productions" Iller's vinyl-only **CANADIAN** compendium of hard hitting rock? **Fuck The Commonwealth**, as it is so delicately named, features Ontario hardcore on side B (Blundermen, Unika), BC hardcore on side A (Nothing to Lose, Goatboy, Mexican Power Authority, Submission Hold). Never before have these tracks surfaced on vinyl. Besides, the bopper in you must hear M-Blanket's cover of the Bangles "In Your Room." Crusty punks will shell out the eight or so dollars for this incredible 500-only pressed record. Yes you will. (Slow To Burn - PO Box 8386 Victoria, BC V8W 3R9).

If punk's not your thing (yet...), **Groove Garden** is a compilation of Victoria indie bands for those craving a diverse sample of island talent (it's those goddamn hippies again...). Spawning from the skanky rhythms of Pressure Cooker to Nomeansno influenced Pigment Vehicle to bad white boy groove Funkgus to the spastic punk staple Mexican Power Authority, **Groove Garden** certainly tries to please all. And don't let the killer whole CD art or the "It all comes out in the mosh" liner notes intro scare you either. Are you punk, or what? (Guacomole Music: PO Box 8448, Victoria BC, V8W 3S1).

Talk about out of nowhere...those three eggheads (yes, it is a schtick) Bil, Fil and Tommy McRackin not only landed themselves on a split 12" record on the legendary Sympathy For The Record Industry label, but they share the flipside with sex-fueled-glam whores the White Trash Debutantes! Each of **The McRackins'** power pop numbers scramble themselves fluffily in a manner which could give Bum a run for the money. Add the combined greasy-slick stage theatrics (read: schtick) of both groups (don't forget 83 year-old WTD singer Punk Rock Patti), and you have a

recipe bred for (cluck, cluck) success. (The Hen Hunt 9237-117st, Delta, BC, V4C 6B6)

A super cool cassette by **Turnpike** follows the lo-fish scheme of things in a sweet undoubted way. "Sidewalk Scrapbook" is a soft enjoyable listen performed by kids who obviously like their rock

three musicians, with a bit of tasteful reverb on the guitar giving them strings that "wide-screen" feel. The tape sports a colourful hand-drawn front cover, and, in case you want some background on the members of Jabber, the band includes their baby pictures in place of the requisite mug shots. A recent burst of gigs [including

open



indie.

Four-track, no-frills, early. Recorded in Surrey, BC, (415A Mills Hall, One University Heights, Asheville, NC 28804 USA)

Synthesized drifting ambience is **Urcus Exit**, who released **Bedlam of the Pious** last month. This CD drifts pleasantly though fairly aimlessly in the background, with some sections reminiscent of Pink Floyd or even early Depeche Mode (no address).

Also released locally: **Meatrack** (self-titled cassette), **Heavy Mellow** (The Mighty Heavy Mellow Sell Out cassette), **Cosmonaut** (s.t. cassette), **The Bright Lights** (Return to Club 40 cassette), **Facepuller** (Anatomy of Noise 7"), and **Pet** (Lightning Motoguzzi Charge CD).

MORE REVIEWS!

This month's breath of fresh air comes from the lair of mixed boy-girl band **Jabber** in the form of their debut three-song cassette **Follow Your Voice**. Eileen Ryan's strong lead vocals give solidity to the material, especially when she stentorianly breaks into the title track's catchy chorus. "Thief" is also infectious, so much so in fact that surgical removal may be necessary. And that's the slow one! The last cut, "Will I Remember?", is short and sassy and caps off the show perfectly.

Smooth and tight is the somewhat mainstream support provided by the other

ing for Art Bergmann at the Niagara in April) has given the band a high profile on the local scene, and thus a chance to see how the rest of their set holds up.

Equally as good but totally different is the sprawling retrospective cassette by **G42**. **MC1134WE**, which apparently stands for Minimus Clearance 1134 Wembley's Erotica, whatever that means, follows the G42 project from its inception in 1989 up to the latest 1993 recordings. Some of it is ambient, some noise, all of it trippy. Fitter, Dan 243, and Schmeeb 42 take you through their early experiments with recording equipment operation through to the more sophisticated noisescapes they're now capable of creating. Some of the tracks are little more than drum programs, and the liner notes warn you of this, but the better ones can be identified by the artists' recommendations of concurrent drug use [pneumococci, hallucinogens] while auditioning.

On the 76-second "Trapped", a guy named Blackskull's answering machine message ("Help! I'm trapped in this machine and I can't get out! Help!") is given the technobut treatment, enhancing the surrealism of the original prank. This 90-minute hand-packaged cassette comes complete with a 16-pages erratum booklet. Caution: these guys are heavily into dynamics and into

saturated recording levels so the fluctuating degrees of loudness on the tape should be anticipated when playing on sensitive equipment.

Can Vancouver be ready for a band like **True Love Forever**? Hell, I wasn't ready for their second tape, since I was still working on their first demo when I received it. The group for the most part sounds like a fucked-up Pavement, although a drunken Tom Waits flavour is imparted when what sounds like a trombone starts blurring sentimental melancholia.

A good example of this is in their song "It's Christmas" where one gets an impression of the circus group in TW's "In the Neighborhood" video doing the terpsichore to "Sitting at the Dock of the Bay" instead. Intricate and loosely-tuned guitar parts chatter over an even looser and temporally labile rhythm section, with cryptic vocals occasionally surfacing above the twisting and winding TLP din. This band likes to challenge and be uncompromising, which at least for our listeners tends to be an asset (or so we'd like to think). An intriguing and eccentric sophomore effort from an oddball band.

Those harmonizing siblings Tim and Todd Fancey are back with a four-song cassette by their band **Orbit in Bloom**. They still bring like their "Ride My See-Saw" era Moody Blues, although for such a comparison is somewhat negative since I actually hate those guys. In the same way I guess I shouldn't mention the whiffs of Rymes With Orange (which, by the way, would be "door hinge" if you read Vonnegut) that emanate from a couple spots on the four-song tape. Well, that's what happens when classic pop is your forte, and it doesn't mean you won't derive any pleasure from those dueling vocal intervals so liberally sprinkled about this set. I could see a guy like Todd Rundgren doing major justice to those soaring vocals and crisp guitars, and it does occur to me that this style of music would be better received on a more above-ground playing field, such as

with a major label. A couple of the four tunes here are memorable and infectious ("Theme", "Cartoon Sunset") and, hey, you don't have to sing along, since they do it all for you.

On their first cassette *No Smoke No Matches*, **The Botniks** explored an organic swamp of influences ranging from The Band, The Flying Burrito Brothers, Little Feat, and Murray McLaughlin to the more recent rowdy folk-rock of groups such as the Pogues and The Men They Couldn't Hang. These references can all be heard on their newest (self-titled) four-song tape, put out on their own Sp.z MonkE Records, but this time they've incorporated some of the big city into the mix. It's possible the harder edge comes from playing some of the local clubs, where Rock + Roll = Beer = (placated club managers) is the theory of relativity. I'm not complaining, since those rootsy lead guitars so prominent on their first release tend to compliment the gutsy R&B feel of the new tape even a little better. Despite the change, the impression of a crackling complice nearby still permeates the new material (anyone for renting *Blazing Saddles* again? How about *Lost in the Desert*).

As Smithy as they are, I found myself enjoying Janu-

ary by Aldergrove's **The Shermans** very much, without having to don my closet-stowed Robert Smith wig (actually a very dirty drive-thru car wash brush). Most probably unrelated to the Kingston-based, Proboscis-Funkstone-associated Shermans, these lads specialize in upbeat dirges decorated by sugary two-part harmonies. In fact, wouldn't you know it, this band is led by a couple brothers too, this time named Dahl. What really tweaked me is the flange effect on the jangly guitars that give songs like "Every Moment" fucking WINGS. They know when they got a good chord progression on their hands, as in "Head Says Now" and especially "Humans", so that a song can turn from a light and poppy trot to an unrelenting high-speed merry-go-round of a finale. So there is life post Surrey.

To end off I'm going to scoop my partner Sean and rave about the debut six-song cassette by local trio **Queazy**. Mr. Roggett is a big fan and wanted to give them high praise himself, but I stole the tape and put a stop to that. Sounding like a live recording, these tunes spotlight the band's eclecticism while still shaping an identifiable sound. There's soft and sensitive ("Pseudocide"), uplifting pop-rock ("Reach For

The Sky") and ephemeral hardcore ("Sum Punk", "Walls of Silence"). Humour, too ("Serial Monogamist"). You gotta appreciate a drummer who can shift so effortlessly between those styles yet still light the fuses that ignite the songs with timely fills and heartbeat-obviating kick drum punches. Debut pick of the month.

Here's where I usually put my idiosyncratic sign-off, but I've temporarily run out of those epilogues that can be so indecipherable and yet so banal at the same time.

ALL AGES SHOWS!

Saturday May 6: dsb, Dunderheads, Disguines, Gob, Archaic 51 & Utopia at Southwoll (N. Van Rec. Centre - 7:00pm).

Saturday April 29: Samiam, Sense Field & The Goops at the New York Theatre (7:30).

Sunday April 30: The Posies, Mystery Machine, Pluto, Trouble Charger, Cinnamon at the Town Pump (2pm).

Friday May 19: Killjoys, Terror of Tiny Town & Gob at the New York Theatre (7:30).

Saturday May 20: "Ear of the Dragon" Asian musicians compilation record release featuring Cub, Seam, aMinature & Venus Cures at the New York Theatre.

Call the Vancouver punk info line for up-to-date show information: 684-PUNK.



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TASTE MY TROUT! ON SALE THIS MONTH:



Twerdick Mach V hit the road in May. Clockwise from top: Keith, Hilie, Tim, and Sharkey.

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PAVEMENT: *Wowee Zowie*.....\$10.96 LP/cass \$ 15.99 CD
FLYING SAUCER ATTACK: *Further*.....\$10.96 LP/\$14.92 CD
VIC CHESTNUT: *Is the Actor Happy*.....\$8.99 LP/cass \$13.81 CD
ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT: *State of Art*.....\$8.99 10"
HISSANOL: *4th and Back (Andy - ex Nomesano)*.....\$9.87 LP \$12.93 CD
VARIOUS: *Free to Fight*.....\$14.92 2LP/CD
SCREECHING WEASEL: *Kill the Musicians*.....\$12.93 CD
DUMP: *I Can Hear Music*.....\$14.92 CD
SUN CITY GIRLS: *Jack's Creek*.....\$8.99 LP

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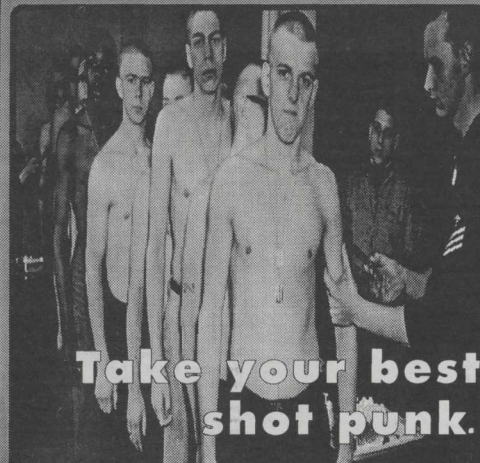
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LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY

The fifth annual directory, chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the businesses that support them, will be in the September issue.

It's FREE, so you've got no excuses. Get your listing in now!! The deadline for entries is August 15, 1995.

Fill in the square below and remember, neatness counts.

YOU ARE A (Check one): ☐ BAND/MUSICIAN ☐ PROMOTER
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utopia

Who are you?

Chris Lambert: drums, 14 years old.

Ryan Dumbhair: lead guitar, backup vocals, 14 years old.

Brian Mitchell: bass guitar, lead vocals, 14 years old.

Kevin Evox: rhythm guitar, 14 years old.

Describe your sound.

Kevin: I'd say our sound is raw fuzzin' feedback screaming punk shit.

Chris: METAL UP YOUR ASS!

Brian: I've always thought that it was sort of a punk rock sound. I remember when we first started we were major Nirvana and d.b.s. wannabes. Now people say we're hardcore. I don't really know what our main sound is.

How has d.b.s. affected your band?

Brian: d.b.s. really helped our band. So far all of our shows have been put together by Jesse from d.b.s. Plus they're just plain cool guys.

Kevin: Although we are slightly influenced by d.b.s., we are definitely not copy-cats. It's just all the pricks and straight-edgers who think we are.

Chris: d.b.s. has helped us out a lot. They've gotten us all our shows. We've only done two shows and the radio thing, but we're getting lots more shows and stuff. We're not wannabes of d.b.s. They're just our friends.

Ryan: Just because we're good friends of d.b.s. and we're a young teenage Lynn Valley punk band we're automatically associated with them. They are our friends and they help us out lots, but we don't want to go through life in their shadow.

What is the percentage of homiez to punks at your school?

Ryan: No comment, because I mentioned homiez in our live interview with Nardwuar on CTR and I got threatened that I would get knifed if I ever talked about them again.

Brian: Our school is filled with pricks and homiez. They're not all bad, but I really hate a lot of their attitude. The percentage of homiez to punks at our school is seriously about 98% to 2%. Sometimes it depresses me, I go to school and think, "Has punk died?"

Have you ever been beaten up because you have purple hair?

Ryan: My hair is actually right now a greeny-blue-turquoise-aqua type color. Homiez threaten me and call me pretty cruel stuff like "bluehead", but mostly people are scared of it. Me and some friends were sitting at Little Ceaser's and a little girl walked up to me, stared straight into my hair for about 30 seconds, then turned around and ran away. Strangely enough, the priest at my church did exactly the same thing.

Is playing in a band more interesting than the best class that you have in school?

Ryan: What kind of stupid question is that?

Kevin: Hell, yeah! If school classes were more interesting than playing music, I'd shoot myself.

Chris: Yeah. School sucks. P.E.'s pretty cool when you get to play cool stuff like badminton or hockey, but we're doing volleyball now and that sucks.

Brian: Well, in class I'm not allowed to get up and smash stuff for no reason, so I'd have to say playing in a band is better than any class, even spores.

Is a cool record collection more important than a date with the best looking person you know?

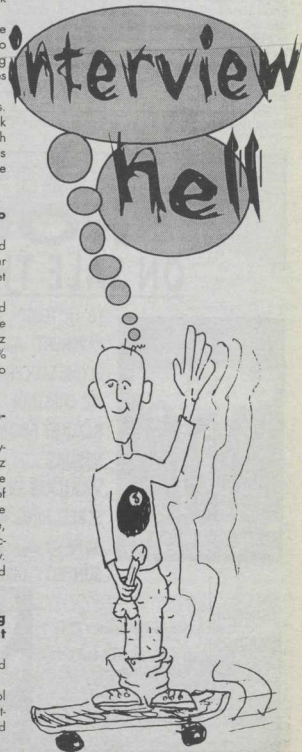
Brian: Yes, because you've always got your hands. But seriously, a cool record collection is much better than a kick-ass date. Love will last you a day or so, but a good record collection will last you forever.

Kevin: That depends on how hot the date is. In most cases I'd go for the date, being the hornball I am.

Ryan: Well, I could get a hot date any day of the week, but my record collection really sucks, so I'd say the record collection is more important.

Have you ever thrown up in class?

Brian: That one brings me all the way back to grade 5. One day me and my friends were getting bored so we asked the class nerd to drink glue and he did. A few minutes later he



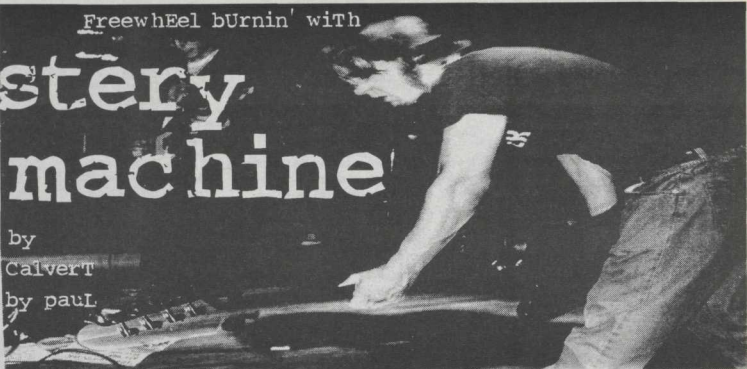
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A sunny Friday afternoon in Yaletown and the occasion is a one-on-one with local soundmeisters Mystery Machine. Rising to the occasion of their latest release, weaving a verbal maze through an over-priced cappuccino-induced haze, Luke Rogalsky and Bean sat down and spilled the dirt on low-riders, recent tour dates and childhood cartoon idols, amongst other things.

Mystery Machine is a band moving up in its musical ranks on two-wheeled, banana seat cruisers, faster than the blink of a shifty eye. Not bad for four youngsters originating from the verdant farmlands of Chilliwack, now conquering audiences in Canada, Australia (through their record label distribution) and soon America four years after winning the

Freewheel burnin' with mystery machine

interview by
samantha Calvert
main pic. by paul
clarke



prestigious Shindig finals (earning the band studio time with Dave Ogilvie at Mushroom Studios). Following the release of *Glazed*, their first

full-length in 1993, and a subsequent slew of choice opening dates the following year, including a coveted spot on the second stage at the 1992 Lollapalooza Festival,

the last several years have been a whirlwind of activity and accomplishment for the band.

The music that Mystery Machine is responsible for creating is difficult to pin a tag on to; it takes more than a few listens of the material to really get a grasp on it and sink into the groove. Songs seem to meander almost to a point where they will burst from anticipation and contain a hypnotic quality that definitely

contributes to the appeal of the band. True to the new album's namesake, *Ten Speed* is a cruise, a leisurely ride, not of the "here today, gone tomorrow" variety, to be certain. Listeners are encouraged to sit back, way back in the banana seat, and light up a big fat one. Mystery Machine are appealing not only to their hometown crowd but to city slickers alike. A respite from

seeds of the present members. "I started playing at around 14," says Bean. "I was writing song-type things right around the time I got my first crappy guitar, but they were..."

"Crappy songs to go along with the crappy guitars!" finishes Luke.

Bean agrees: "Exactly. Very bad, no real semblance of any songwriting. But that's what kids do, right?"

Several years after these

creative seeds had germinated and the four members of Mystery Machine had joined forces and were playing on a regular basis, the call came from the Vancouver offices of Nettwerk Records. ("They just got a hold of a tape somehow," claims a rather tight-

lipped Luke.) The result of this encounter was the 1992 full-release *Glazed*, which touched upon "love, pot and loziness" amongst other relevancies of the time of recording. When asked how Mystery Machine has changed creatively since the last album, there is an unbounding, enthusiastic chorus of "We grewed up! It grewed right up! Yes sir! We done grewed!"

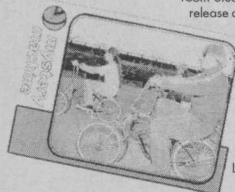
Is the band touring for *Ten-Speed*? "Yes," says Luke, "we are leaving in the middle of May, maybe to the Maritimes and back, at least to Montreal. We will be gone for a month and then we'll stay home for a little bit and then we'll go out again and then come home...and then go out again..." Joining the quartet will be Dayona,



and for the next segment "We'll look for something else that's good, that's awesome!" exclaims Luke.

An inquiry is made regarding the choice of title for the current release. These guys adore the more primitive but definitely functional option of transportation, namely the classic two-wheeler: "We love the bicycles, we now own four low riders, but we are soon to give them away to people."

As a final abode to the coffee clatch, I ask Luke and Bean what the best thing about being in a successful band is: "Playing guitar is excellent; a very good thing to do. Do you love the rock and roll? I love the rock and roll."



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Grand Theft Audio

interview
by june scudeler

WELL, THIS INTERVIEW HAS CERTAINLY LEFT me scratching my head. Are Grand Theft Audio who they say they are or is this some kind of weird cosmic joke? For one thing, they don't do in-person interviews, only interviews by fax. The idea of the anonymous band is not a new one; ambient noisemeisters like Zoviet France have been doing this for many a moon. But there's also the band's puzzling belief that Vancouverites are open to new sounds - as we all know, Lotusland has an appalling reputation as a place to play. So who are these mysterious musicians and what are they all about? Read on...

DISORDER: Do you actually hail from Vancouver?

Grand Theft Audio: Although we spend a lot of time abroad, we have chosen Vancouver as a current base of operations.

Where do you find your samples?

We collect our samples throughout our travels and through extensive research in the public domain area. We are also in contact with ethnic libraries and historic institutions. The samples collected are carefully selected according to content and context and are used only in manners to send the right mental triggers.

Have you had any problems with copyright clearance?

Not at this time. All parties have been very receptive to the concept behind this recording and the use of the samples for harmonic imaging and this has helped us with copyright matters.

Who or what is T.A.G.?

T.A.G. is an information organization originally to fight certain groups from gaining control of the media as it evolves through time.

The original name is in Latin, but the current English translation is Teach Advise Guard. T.A.G. is a global organization with chapters located in different centres across the world. We are members of the North American chapter.

Could you describe the message in the CD - is it coming from direct experience or is it a metaphor (the insert describes experiences in Bosnia)?

The message was a page from my electronic diary.

What music inspires you?

All music inspires us. There is something to be learned from everything you hear.

Is there support in Vancouver for GTA?

There is a lot of support in Vancouver. Vancouverites have the ability to open their minds to new sounds in a way that is exemplary. This is one of the reasons that makes this part of the world so special.

Realms 1.0 has a wide variance of sound - is it a help or a hindrance?

The album is constructed in the manner to represent a journey. It is necessary for it to be varied. But it has been carefully assembled so that the transition from one style to another is not abrupt or misleading. There is also a general underlying theme in the album which eventually surfaces as the listener digs deeper into the layers of the music.

Why the anonymity? Does it mean you won't play live?

For the time being, due to our involvement with T.A.G. and our actions throughout the world, it is better to remain anonymous. There are no live shows in our agenda. Anonymity also gives the music a chance to speak for itself. The music contained is more important than our image.

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BRUCE LEE'S GRAVE IS NOT AN EASY FIND. WE KNOW. WE WENT SEARCHING FOR IT THROUGH SEATTLE'S LAKEVIEW CEMETERY with karate flick fan and Sick of It All singer Lou Koller. After a half hour bus ride from downtown Seattle and another thirty minutes of walking around the cemetery, we finally found it. A simple headstone with an 8x10 headshot of Bruce Lee embedded into the stone. We paused for a moment. Lou took a photo. We left, giving directions to fellow Lee fans as we exited.

Following this longer-than-expected pilgrimage, we sat down with Lou to find out what's been happening with Sick of It All and to see what the band has in store for the future.

Sick of It All

interview by mike and steve



DISCORD: So it seems that things have improved for Sick of It All.

Lou: Of course, yeah. The best thing was getting off of Relativity.

We were going to ask what prompted that.

[Relativity] did absolutely nothing for us. That whole last tour we did the last time we came Vancouver was done totally on our own with our own money because Relativity sucks and they had no interest in supporting us.

Did you have a tough time finding a new label?

Not really, no. Relativity thought, "Those guys are dead, they have no future," but they wouldn't let us go until the they sold our contract. They wanted to make more money off of us! And when major labels got interested the price was upped by a hundred percent. It went from like \$20,000 to \$250,000 for a freakin' contract!

How is EastWest working out for the band?

They're really cool. I'd known there'd been a guy from EastWest at our shows for the past three years and we'd always laugh, "Oh yeah, what's he doing here? He's obviously just here to see us!" But it turned out that he was there just to see us all those times. He called up Relativity as soon as he found out that they were selling our contract. When we went to meet them they were really down to earth. [whereas] we had met with both independents and majors that totally fit the mold of the stereotypical "We'll make you stars, dudes. What do you want? a car? I'll get you a Ferrari!" And I'm like, "I don't know how to drive, man!"

Sick of It All formed in 1985 - were you guys all childhood friends?

Oh yeah, we grew up together, all of us. We were the freaks. I met Armand in highschool 'cause he was the only other guy in school who knew who Motorhead and Discharge were. Anybody who got into hardcore and punk was an outcast - not like nowadays where everyone dyes their hair green.

What is Sick of It All about?

Keep playing music so we don't have to get real jobs! Nah, it's always just been an outlet for us, something where we can complain about things. It's weird 'cause when we were younger and getting into punk rock we'd think, "We're going to change the world, we're going to change everything, man!" Now we know it's better to just live your life the way you want 'cause you're not going to change everybody else. Our belief is try to live your life better and a little more righteous and hopefully the more people that do that the better things will get.

Do people often misinterpret what Sick of It All is about?

Yeah. Especially when we were growing up in New York. I used to work in the mail room of a marketing company and I'd invite the people I worked with to our show and they'd say, "Yeah, I'll be there!" Then I'd hear them talk when I was walking away, saying, "I'm not going, their skinhead fans will beat you up 'cause you have long hair!"

"Anybody who got into hardcore and punk was an outcast - not like nowadays where everyone dyes their hair green."

Do you get a lot of idiots at your shows who are just there to act tough?

We have had a lot of problems with that. I don't like to blame the media, but from 1986-89 New York hardcore was in the media's eye and when they came in they were saying, "Oh look, a straightedge movement! What's this whole positive youth thing?" I did a forty five minute interview with a TV station about it and the only segment they aired was when they asked me about slam dancing - which was less than a minute of the whole interview - and I answered, "Slam dancing? Hell yeah, it's violent." Then they cut me off and went on for about half an hour about how violent slam dancing is! This is what all these kids see and then they're like, "Wow look how rough and tough it is!"

You keep insisting that New York's not that bad!

I could take you to places in Brooklyn and you'd think it was the most beautiful city on Earth, or I could take you to places in my neighborhood in Queens and you'd be lucky to get out with your shoes on! You just know when to stay out of neighborhoods, you know where not to go. I hate bands that sing about being in gangs. Me and my friends all grew up in the same middle class neighborhood. There were about ten of us and out of all ten of us, one of our guys is in jail for murder - he was a drug dealer and all that. Now, if we all came from the same neighborhood, why is he like that? Because he made his choice. We all hung out in the same places with the same people and out of all of us he was the only one that got into trouble. Why? 'Cause that's what he wanted to do. You make your own choices. And I'll tell you another thing - there was never a drive by shooting in New York City, I don't care what any band sings about. I mean maybe now that it's in the movies, but I swear to God...

It'd be hard to do a drive by in New York - there's so much traffic!
Yeah, it'd be like, 'Oh, I've got to stop, there's a red light!'

Has the hardcore scene changed much over the years?

Yeah, it's weird. Like I said, when we got into it we were the outcasts, and now everybody's into the Offspring and Green Day. And now there's a whole huge straight-edge scene going around and it's their own separate scene - most of them won't go to other hardcore shows. I'm not putting them down, but lot of them will only go to see straight-edge bands and I think that's sad. I also know punk rock kids who won't go to hardcore shows. They're missing out on a lot of good music.

Are you finding straight-edge scenes all over Europe and North America?

Yeah, especially the States and Switzerland - or Sweden. One of those 'S' countries where they have a lot of chocolate! There's a huge straight-edge scene and they are carbon copies of this part of New York State called Syracuse where they have a big straight-edge vegan scene. We played there one year and the whole place loved us. But when we went back (on a later date) a lot of the kids who had seen us before were standing outside and we were like, "Hey, you comin' in?" And they were like, "Well, we're here to see the opening band. You guys aren't vegan so we can't see you!" I was like, "Last year you were kissing my ass and I was telling you to hang out and relax and this year you hate us 'cause we're not vegan?" And he's like, "Well, I'm vegan now."

"Try to live your life better and a little more righteous and hopefully the more people that do that the better things will get."

Sounds like they take it pretty seriously.

They're serious this year, but next year when we go back they'll be into techno raves and graffiti. It's just trends for them and that's what's sad. It's the same thing with the whole 'rebirth of punk'. Everyone's saying that hardcore is back, but it never left.

Let's talk about Scratch the Surface.

In your opinion is it the best thing you've put out?

Yeah, we feel that it's our best album for a lot of reasons. Craig added a lot because he's a way better bass player than Ritchie and he has a better concept of sound. And everybody had an input in every song on this album. The first two albums were just me and Pete on everything. We also had help from this guy Billy Anderson from San Francisco who's worked with The Melvins, Mr. Bungle and Jawbreaker. He loved the sounds that we got and he got our live energy on tape. He's a great, great guy. Hopefully we'll work with him again.

What happened with your previous release, Just Look Around?

I think that Just Look Around was a very overlooked album, especially on the east coast. It came out during the height of gang violence and all the gang kids were coming out to our shows because we were Sick of It All - 'bad ass, tough music'. Pete's got tattoos, let's go! Now when we do interviews with kids about the new album they all tell me that they used to think we were morons because of the type of people that went to our shows. Then they read the lyrics on Just Look Around and realised that we were singing about losing a friend to AIDS and things like that. They were shocked. On Scratch the Surface we have a song called "Desperate Fool", and people came to us, especially girls, and they're like, "I can't believe that with such a tough guy following you would sing a song against rape." What do you want me to sing, a pro-rape song? We have friends who have confided in us about this and it scares the hell out of me. This could happen to my girlfriend, my godson, to anybody.

Do you spend most of your time on the road?

Now we're really touring a lot. Two months, come home for a week, two months, go home... We've toured all through Europe, Japan, Argentina, Mexico City...

How did you wrangle your merchandise into Mexico and Argentina?

In Mexico it's all bootlegs, in Argentina it's all legitimate stuff. Argentina was amazing. When we walked off the plane there were a hundred kids - it was like one of those old Beatles clips. We were trying to get into the country without having to say we were performing because we didn't have any working papers. Here we are trying to sneak in with the equipment, saying that we're just playing with friends and hanging out, and there's a hundred kids with video cameras and others taking photographs!

Is it weird to go from that to playing some small town in the States where only a few people show up?

You mean like in San Jose where we played to fifty people? It's depressing, but we're used to it. Like I said, I used to work in that mail room. I would play a Sunday show to three thousand people going crazy and then get up at six in the morning the next day to go to work and sit in the mail room stuffing Extreme tapes into an envelope to send off to radio stations! 'God, I would think. I hate this life.'

What's it like to play in Japan?

The first time we went there we said we wanted to play for the lowest ticket price possible. The promoter said he'd get it at the same price that Fujioka played for twenty

American dollars. We don't play for twenty bucks in America! He said that in Japan that's an alright price. You know how much our tickets are this time? Sixty American! When we found this out we called the promoter and said, "What the fuck are you doing?" He said that that was an average price now for bigger clubs. So we decided to play the smaller clubs for twenty bucks again and the kids think that's a bargain! It's just that the economy is so weird there.

What's up next for Sick of It All?

Japan, Australia, New Zealand and South America. Then we're home for two weeks and then back to Europe for the spring tour - squats, youth theatres and these ten thousand capacity music festivals. It's amazing. In Germany we played a festival that the government put on for free. It was us and NOFX playing. No trouble, no fights, no riots. How can these countries do this? And they've been doing it for ten years!

Yeah, that's a cool thing about Europe.

Europe's certainly not convenient though. You can't eat after a show 'cause everything's closed after six - but that's just me being a spoiled American. Well, a New Yorker actually, 'cause lord knows there's nowhere to eat in Tulsa late at night!

Discography:

Sick of It All - demo tape

The Way It Is - 7" compilation of NY hardcore (Revolution Records)

The Way It Is - 12" comp (Revolution Records)

Sick of It All - 7" (Revolution Records)

Blood, Sweat, and No Tears - LP (In Effect Records/Relativity)

We Stand Alone - 7" (Relativity)

Just Look Around - LP (Relativity)

Live in a World Full of Hate - bootleg (Lost and Found)

The Revolution Years: Spreading the Hardcore Reality (bootleg)

Scratch the Surface - LP (CD on EastWest, vinyl on Equal Vision)

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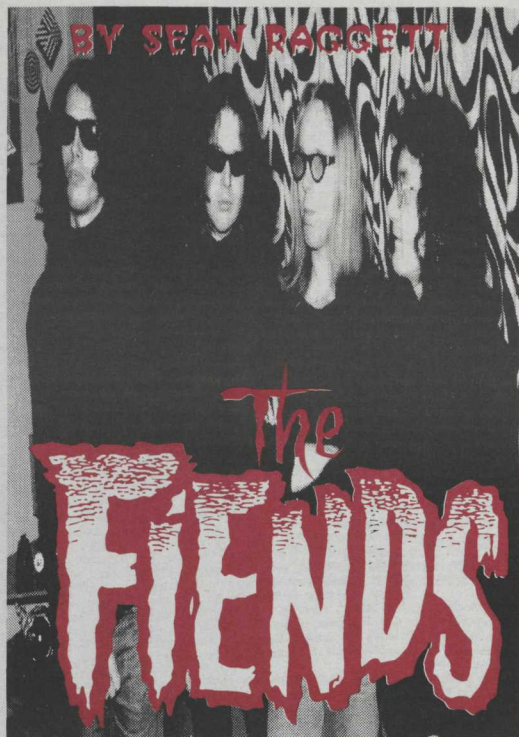
krista james
talks to tsunami's

The first project of Simple Machines was the first of the six 7 inches in the *Machines* series. Released in April 1990, the record was a four band compilation called *Wedge* that featured Geek, Hated, Lungfish and Edsel. Three years later the label compiled the songs on the six *Machines* 7 inches - *Wedge*, *Wheel*, *Pulley*, *Screw*, *Lever* and *Inclined Plane*, all of which featured cover illustrations that would make a grade 5 science teacher proud - onto a single CD that contains a nice little history of the record label and its continuing dramas.

JENNY AND KRISTIN ARE PRETTY SELECTIVE ABOUT THE RECORDS they put out since they haven't got the time or the labour power to put out very many CDs or records. In fact, most of the bands they work with are friends of theirs for whom they agree to put out a single record once in a while. Simple Machines neither signs exclusive contracts with bands nor hunts out unmarketed talent. In other words, don't expect to find Kristin and Jenny at the the Music West Conference trying to sign the latest rock-stars-to-be. That's one working holiday they'll gladly pass up.

simple machines

fig. 1



Garage bands are a rare breed in Vancouver. In fact, arguably the only city in Canada to have ever had a strong foothold on the fuzz was Montreal in the 1970s, with bands such as the Gruesomes, Deja Voodoo, 14th Wray, et al. These bands were known for their blasting rock numbers, bare bones song structures, and their raw rock 'n' roll raunch, a sound popularized by the Stooges in the 1960s. Fortunately, though, for the local groove enthusiasts who enjoy their rock simple, swingin' and trashy, there are the Fiends.

In existence for two years now, the Fiends have at one time or another contained members of other rockster sensations: The Minstrels (Greg W.), The Enigmas (Brian), House of Commons (Jones), Color Me Psycho (Johnny), and The Worst (Greg J.). The group's first record was released in Montreal on Primitive Records. "We recorded some live songs on a tape deck over a week," recalls the Fiends' vocalist Greg Johnson. "The recordings were done like a demo—we were going to record them better, but the label liked what they got. I guess because they were primitive [sounding]." A month later the band received an offer to record a full-length album for Germany's Music Maniac Records. The result was *Ten Trash Volume 12: The Fiends*, one in the label's series of albums featuring garage bands from around the world (including The Fuzztones and The Cryptones). "Primitive rock 'n' roll performed by today's teens!"

Adding to the Fiends discography is an upcoming 7" inched on Greece's Doctor Mushroom Records. *She's Not Broken*, and another full length planned for late this year.

Live, the Fiends' ghoulish act is a lounge spectacle. Frontman/singer Greg Johnson fashions a black cape which obscures his medium build. He cups the mic carefully with both hands as he sings, his face hidden behind wispy brown locks and black-as-night sunglasses. Behind him is keyboardist Bill Barker, his face gashed and bloody, pushing the emery fingers of the Fortis organ sunk inside the coffin placed before him. Mounted above the grey death tray are two chalk-white skulls which leak clouds of eerie smoke on cue, adding to the spooky atmosphere. Also on stage are bassist Brian Olinek, guitarist Greg Watson, and drummer Slam Thunderfoot. The Fiends' last performance was on April 14th in support of the "Anarchy in B.C. Tour," a bill which also featured glamorists Flash-Bastard, the polyester magician El Ballistic and crotch rock revivalists Psychomania. *DISORDER*'s classiest (not too mention self-aggrandizing...ed.) sценстер Sean Raggett caught up with the Fiends after their set at the classy Penthouse club in downtown Vancouver.

DISORDER: Now we're here at the Penthouse Club in Vancouver, and it's a strip bar!

Greg: Yeah, I was doing some stripping here. I like to take my clothes off when I play.

Brian: Greg came, stripped, and now everybody left, so now we put on a rock show because stripping is not too good.

Where did the Fiends originate? How did you meet?

Greg: I was sitting at work one day—I worked in a T-shirt place, we used to do all this stupid Canucks shirts and all this crap stuff like that. It's called Canadian Graphics, and they're a very big stain-piling kind of crap place. Anyways, I got a call from Brian going, 'Hey do ya want to start a band up', and that's what we did.

Brian: Oh, I did actually do that, didn't I. I did say 'Hey Greg, you wanna play in a rock 'n roll band'. I guess I was a part of it. A rockin' guitar band.

Are there any good garage bands in Vancouver?

Greg: I haven't heard any, actually. If there was garage bands in Vancouver, I'd go out and see them.

Brian: The Worst, The Fiends, and that's about it.

Greg W.: The Smugglers are semi-garage still. Greg: They used to be. I remember when I used to see them with the Gruesomes, they were garage, but I think now they're kind of like Young Fresh Fellows.

Brian: We're doing more of the all out of control fuzz rock 'n roll thing, whether that means anything...

Greg: More along the '65 Texas kind of sound. We're not really doing the old Young Fresh Fellows frat-rock stuff like the Smugglers.

Why are there no Vancouver labels interested in you?

Greg: Because we're not girls. And we suck, probably.

But you have a whole bunch of records out. There's one from Screaming Apple and you have a record out on Monster Maniac. Why aren't Vancouver labels interested in the Fiends?

Greg W: Because we're not a modern sounding band. The sound that we have is more retro 60's.

Brian: We're not grungey, we don't play grunge.

Greg W: Yeah, it's punk rock, but it's true punk rock, like circa '66-'67 kind of thing. The stuff that the Stooges was based on. That kind of proto-punk led to real punk rock in '77, or whatever, which turned into hardcore, and so on. There was sort of a garage revival in the late '80's, but that died out here.

The Fiends have released records internationally. Where have you sold the most records - North America or Europe?

Brian: Hopefully in Japan, because that's where I'd like to tour next. Japan would be the place to go. [to other members] You think we sold any there, guys?

You have records released in France, on Dig Records.

Greg: The Worst does. Our new single is out on a Greek label called Doctor Mushroom. We've been selling most of our records in Eu-

rope. Before I was in this band the Worst started, and the last Worst single sold out in two months. It was gone.

So the Worst are still happening?

Greg: Ahhh, well, they're happening. We have all the tapes in the can, we just have to mix it. We're doing a Guess Who song. Randy Bachman gave us the OK on one of the Guess Who songs.

Which Guess Who song is that?

Greg: "Writing on the Wall".
Greg W: "Clock on the Wall".
Greg: "Clock on the Wall", or whatever. I'm kinda drunk.

Now there's other members of the Fiends involved extensively with other rock 'n roll bands - Brian, you were involved with the Eee...Eee...Eee...

Brian: Eee...Eee...what? Sorry, I lost something there. What are you...

The old school Vancouver band! "Teenage Barmale" - the big hit, my favourite song! You were in the Enigmas!

Brian: That was actually before I bought a bass. I played the bass without an actual bass. See, that's the amazing thing about that band.

Who made those bubbling sounds at the beginning of that song, "Teenage Barmale"?

Brian: I believe that was someone blowing in a toilet, and it was not me. I would have to blame that one on Paul (Mackenzie, singer of The Real Mackenzies). Get him in here. He's never admitted to sticking his head in a toilet before, well this is his first time.

And now the Real Mackenzies are doing their thing again - they're reunited. Are the Enigmas going to be doing a reunion soon?

Brian: Last thing I heard his head was in a toilet, so we might be practising some new songs shortly.

And also, we have Greg Watson here, who is in the band, originally from Montreal, the Mmm...Mmm...

Greg W.: The Minstrels? They were originally from Quebec City, actually. Then they were out of Montreal for awhile, then they played in New Orleans for the winter of '91-'92 and





I played with them for two months there. I was living in Kingston at the time. I played in the band the 14th Wray, and previously to that I played in a band called the Buzzards in Ottawa around 1987.

Is punk dead?

Brian: Supposedly punk is alive right now, downstairs [Rish Bastard are heard playing below]. We're missing it, we're missing it! They said it's punk rock, but it didn't sound like punk rock to me. I would say punk rock is dead today.

Greg: There's that flyer, "How to Dress Punk..." Brian: Well yeah, punk rock will be alive tomorrow, after people see the flyer. Right now, it's dead. Tomorrow punk will be alive.

Do the Fiends do any good cover songs at all? Do you cover any bands?

Greg: Two bad ones... Brian: Not two good ones, we do two bad covers. We do some bad ones, yeah. "Jack the Ripper" Greg: No, we wrote that, we wrote "Jack the Ripper!"

Do the Fiends tour?

Brian: Three shows in town, and hundreds in Europe. We're a bit in Europe. For some strange reason they love us!

Greg: We're going to tour Europe, and we've made lots of money, it was really good, we toured the whole thing. Plus it gave the guitar player Greg [Watson] a chance to buy his new amp, so it was great. We're thinking of doing it in the fall. We don't play here because nobody's interested. But after this show tonight, [it shows] some people are interested.



What do The Fiends think of Lick the Pole?

Greg: Never heard of them. Brian: Licking the pole could be good, if it was mine, otherwise I'm not sure exactly what that means.

Greg: On a real cold day, if you lick the pole on a real cold day your tongue sticks to it.

Why isn't vinyl dead?

Brian: Because I have 4000 fucking records and I got a turntable to play them on, that's why! That's my theory.

Greg W: There's always going to be people that think digital technology is evil, and there's always people who are going to embrace digital technology. There's always going to be people of both schools.

Greg: And also, in Europe they sell more vinyl because nobody can afford the prices of CD players in Europe. CD players are way out of control in Europe. Nobody has CD players in Europe, that's why vinyl is big in Europe, that's why we sell out in Europe.

Brian: And not twelve inches, actually eighteen inches. They go for really big vinyl in Europe.

Greg: They got huge fucking records, huge fucking records there.

Brian: When a band is huge, they don't mean like huge, it's like the records are so huge. If you can play them, the band's fucking amazing because they sound good if you can get them on your turntable.

But you put out your latest release, Tyrants of Teen Trash, on CD as well as vinyl.

Brian: That is true. Well, that was for the American release. We got all the CDs. Greg: Music Maniac [label] is like the A&B Sound of Germany, except for the guy who owns it puts out garage stuff. He makes all his money off selling Madonna and puts out garage bands. I had a really good paint there, but now I'm kind of drunk...

Brian: Greg, you better have another beer, and think about that one for just a minute.

But wouldn't some consider you straying from the roots, like selling yourselves out, straying away from the garage vinyl format of the 60's?

Greg: Yes, we are sell outs. We like to sell out, very good. We're on the internet, we're on there.

You're on the internet.

Greg W: Yeah, apparently. Greg's on the internet. Greg's into the computer thing.

Greg: I'm the computer nerd. I got a thing on the internet. It's free, so I said hey, let's

put the Fiends on the internet. So we did it!

What about all those hackers out there that might like to get in touch with the Fiends via internet?

Greg: The web page is <thefiends/mindlink.net/homepage.htm>. That's the home page, and there's like all the covers of all the singles and records.

Graphics and everything!

Greg: Graphics, the whole fuckin' bit, even samples of three songs!

Brian: And actually more than that. We stick everything we can on that little e-mail thing.

You have an e-mail address as well?

Greg: <thefiends@minklink.bc.ca> Brian: Isn't it "mindless"? Instead of mindlink, mindless would have been good, but hey.

Greg: We also have been getting a lot of things like, "Oh, well, the information highway is not very garage genre. Why are these fucking garage people on the fucking internet anyway?" We're just doing it because.

Brian: We're trying to keep the spirit alive!

thought maybe you were expecting someone from outer space. Sorry.

Greg W.: Vancouver, eh? I'd probably take them out of Vancouver into the woods because it's much cooler there.

Greg: [to interviewer] You're hating this, aren't you.

Greg, who is your Canadian hero?

Greg W.: A Canadian hero, eh? That would have to be Big Joe Mufferaw.

Big Joe Mufferaw?

Greg W.: I don't know, there was a song about him on Stompin' Tom's A Proud Canadian. Big Joe Mufferaw, all the way from Ottawa.

Greg, who is your Canadian hero?

Greg: Randy Bachman. Randy Bachman wrote "It's My Pride" by the Guess Who. And then there's the Victoria band the Five Canadians, an amazing band from the 60's who wrote "Writing on the Wall" [Covered by the Worst on the Creepy Thing 77 on Screaming Apple records.]

Brian, who is your Canadian hero?

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Greg: Plus it's free, so who cares?
Brian: Fuck 'em. Fuck everybody!

OK. Where is a cool place to hang out in Vancouver, BC?

Greg: The best place to hang out is at Brian's house because he has lots of beer.

Let's just say you had a visitor from out of town, coming from the east coast, and you wanted to take them to do something in Vancouver - what would you take them to do first?

Brian: Well, would they be from outer space? Did you say he was from outer space or out of town? Because if he is from outer space that would be a whole different story. Out of town, I'd just take him to a few local things. I just

Brian: Well, I've got a bunch of favorite Canadians since I'm older than these young farts here. It's All Meat from the late 60's, a mighty fine Canadian band from out east.

Any last words, the Fiends, from Vancouver, fuzz-rock sensations from Vancouver, the Fiends?

Greg: We came, we played, and uh, nobody showed up [laughs]. No, no, no, we had fun.

Greg W.: Thanks for coming out, thanks for listening. This was a lot of fun.

Brian: And always drink Vax beer. Nothing except Vax.

Greg: Fuzz.

Greg W.: Fuzz.

Brian: Fuzz. Fuzz is the future of rock 'n roll.

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One day I was watching MuchMusic, something I don't do more than once every two months or so, when this video of some really weird band came on. They were intense. I had to have the CD, but no one in town had any. Then I saw the poster, the wonderful poster: **GLUELEG**, the Town Pump, April 15th.

Arriving at the Town Pump on the 15th, I headed straight for the merchandise table to pick up that CD. Manning the table was John Boyes, Glueleg's manager and general troubleshooter, and after quickly impressing him with my bubbling enthusiasm and meaningless chatter, I bought a CD and asked if I could interview the band. 'No problem, they'd love to do it, and the interest from CiTR is greatly appreciated.' We made an appointment for the next day and that was that.

By this time the club was really filling up. Mystery Machine was the headliner and the crowd was upbeat and eager for tunes. The canned music faded out, the stagelights came up, and Glueleg took the stage. A general rush to the floor ensued, with me in it. I guess I just don't know the right people, because it looked like lots of people were just as excited over Glueleg as I was. Jumping into a fast, funky rhythm,

the band took charge of our senses. The first part of the show almost seemed to be a defiant exhibition of what the band was truly capable of performing. Styles mixed, tempos changed, rhythms evolved, vocals rapped and argued with each other, but each song had a central core that was never lost in the conjurings.

Extra intensity was added by the unique choice of instruments the band used. Boss was filled by Carlos Alonso on Chapman Stick, while

Andrew Wyse on tenor sax took the place of second guitar. And the band's energy and drive increased throughout their set, right until the end. Awesome, and the crowd loved it, cheering for an encore that couldn't come (They were the opening band, after all.)

Two days after this incredible show I chatted with the band's guitarist, Ruben Huizenga, when he called me from Victoria.

DISORDER: How long has Glueleg been together, and how did it happen?

Ruben: Carlos and I met in 1987. We were in high school together and playing in different bands until a couple of years ago when we met Andy and Chris in Toronto. We played

around TO awhile, just basically maturing the band.

Where did Heroic Doses get recorded? How long did it take?

Doses was recorded at Reaction Studios in Toronto last year. It took us two months to record and mix it. What's cool is that Reaction really wanted us to record there. They liked the music enough to bring us in and foot the bill for the CD to get us going. We owe them a lot for believing in us.

Are there any previous Glueleg recordings out

Glueleg
by fire

there?
We did a CD called Park Alien when we started out, but we've grown a lot since then.

Why a horn section?

The brass is more emotional in sound where other instruments aren't. We use it as an integral part of the Glueleg sound and not just as a filler.

Where did this tour start, where does it end, and how have reactions been?

It started at the beginning of this month in Toronto and ends on the 26th in Quebec. Later we're going further east to Halifax, etc., to play there. The reactions have been varied, depending on the promoter. Like in Edmonton it was great, but Calgary was really lame.

Do you feel that two or three years ago you could have had the

future?

Well, we're writing new songs on the road, there's a new single "Come With Me" that's a radio edit only, and we should have a new CD late this year or early next year.

Any funny tour stories?

No, things have been really calm this time. Last November Carlos and Chris decided to do a naked run on the prairies somewhere in Saskatchewan. People

were stopping and taking pictures, wondering who the crazy idiots were. We got some write ups locally about that one.

When are you coming back to Vancouver?

Maybe in a couple of months. We really had a great show at the Town Pump and are looking forward to doing it again.

What would you say to any new bands starting out?

Get your music down to an



art. Streamline your set so there's no BS between songs or at the start. Pro attitude, confidence, focus. Find people who can tell you things. Call people, listen, and learn and be humble because you don't know dick.

How about being original?

Picture yourself in the future. Over the years you develop your own sound, if you sound like someone else you're just young. Find yourself in what you like.

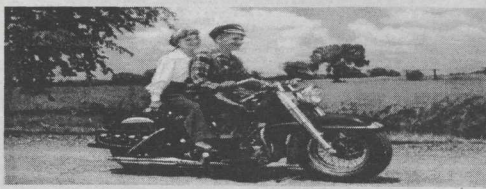
Tell me about the future for Glueleg.

I see our songs as being stronger and more focused as we continue on. Exploring the boundaries.

Thanks Ruben, good luck on the tour.

Thank you, and to CiTR.

What's coming up in the



CiTR MOBILE SOUND 822-3017

Video Miller

by Tania Bolshakova

I'm shifting tumbleweeds and I've got a mighty hankerin' for a glass of worm whiskey, a pair of ocs and a piece of tail. Since deciding to devote some prime **DISORDER** space to a disertation on that wonderful film genre known as the western, I have dusted through thirty hours of wild towns, tough lawmen, good-hearted heroes, sanctimonious matrons, vicious scoundrels, cold-blooded killers and introspectively dubious heroes. Under the test of this arduous task, my love of the genre stands tall against the setting sun; undiminished by time, familiarity or poor examples, the western is one of the few means through which the "American story" can truly be told.

It is also one of the few genres where the absolutely cerebral meets the gloriously physical to create a unique cinematic experience of tension and repose; the audience is trapped in a world where there are two modes of existence: action and contemplation. An unwitting Hamlet, the western "hero" - and thus, vicariously, the audience - is often plagued not only with "extended pursuit" (the high speed chase, always involving doomed horses, often including a loaded stagecoach) and "dramatic confrontation" (the showdown at noon on Main Street), but with "contemplation". The guy with top billing has time, too much time, to think about his course of action and to think about death before he faces it down the barrel of an unfriendly sixshooter. From the bartender to the sheriff to the errand-boy, from pleading frantically for his self-preservation to spitting on his shoes, everyone has advice for him but no one can take his place when it's time to either get the job done or mix his blood with the dust of the lone prairie.

There's many a folk who take to westerns like crows to steers on then there's the type who'll turn there nose

sky-high at the whisper of a western wind tickling the celluloid as it passes around the reels. It's usually a love em or despise em situation. Taste, however, often has little or nothing to say in the matter. Many a high-brow classical music-lovin' wine-swillin' suit-wearin' sport-hatin' Midas thinks there's no better way to spend an evening than saving Tombstone from the Clanton gang and, likewise, many a beer-chuggin' moo-wearin' football-screw-in' Rebelian will dismiss the finest example of the genre as a "bitchy mess" and vow that they'll give away their collection of vintage *tenhouses* before they'd consider sitting through two hours of one. Then there are those misinformed naysayers who insist that Westerns are synonymous with horse-shit, basing their opinion purely on hypothetical extrapolation and/or the anti-western environment they were unfortunate to have grown up in. The enduring popularity of the style waned only in the last twenty years as the genre seemed to push out its potential.

"Outlaws" began as highly accessible films geared towards the movie-loving audiences of the early century who sought escape from the drudgery of their daily lives in the new, and cheap, nickelodeons that crowded the blocks of the urban pits of hell that were their homes. Early westerns were comedy/adventures and stuck very closely to formula - lots of chases, a few laughs, some feminine titillation, and enough coffins to decimate both the Carmonah and Stein Volliers in one two-reeler. At the low end ten to twenty and at the most sixty minutes, early westerns could hardly introduce a complicated scenario, allow time for character development, show the hero in

troubled contemplation, and satisfy the audience's blood-thirsty need for wanton maiming and killing in the allotted time. Since it was the audience that was stepping down the dough and creating the film studios immeasurable profits, their need came first.

As the film industry was waddling out of its infancy and into its toddler stage, the Old West was creaking to its arthritic knees. The new film-production community of Hollywood hired many real and unemployed cowboys to add



to the stunts. When word got back to the range that the crazies in Hollywood paid \$5/day, compared to \$5/week for a punch in the daggies, the stampede started. Soon, parts of Insel Town began resembling Dodge City on a Saturday night, complete with whiskey-induced brows and deadly disputes over friendly games of poker.

Tom Mix, the most well-known silent cowboy star in his day, did have real experience in the ways of the West. He became infamous, however, as a filmboy who would probably have gotten him lynched, in the good of days, as a man a little light in the stirrup. In the other-worldly microcosm of film life, it only made him more saleable. Two more famous silent cowboys were William S. Hart and Harry Carey, Sr. Products of the big industrial American cities who were romanced by lurid dime novels and tales of wide open spaces, they realized their dreams of cowboydom through the magic of Hollywood. Harry Carey, Sr. began his career as a performer for D.W. Griffith in 1909 but turned

cowboy in 1917 when he teamed up with a young director, John Ford. The two collaborated on 26 silent studies in total, half of Ford's total portfolio of 55 westerns.

John Ford, born Sean Aloysius O'Fearna, is regarded, without exception, as the ultimate director of westerns. Considering that he helmed 55 films of the genre, his first at 22 in 1917 (his directorial debut) and his last in 1964 (two years before his retirement) I will go out on a very short limb to say that not only has no one, excluding perhaps Clint Eastwood, come close to understanding the western better but no one has proven his love more arduously and more often.

In 1923, the western graduated from the limitations of adolescent male fantasy to realise its potential as a vehicle for serious epic scoring with James Cruze's *The Covered Wagon*. In 1924, Ford made his contribution to the new style of Western with *The Iron Horse*, which detailed the completion of the transcontinental railroad. The old-style "Cowboys and Indians" movie did not fade out of existence with the emergence of these new, more serious, pictures. They were relegated to B-movie status and lived. Peaceful and happy lives of hour-long wonders, screened before the feature presentation, until the advent of television. What was once a grisly death in the 50's.

Ford, however, was much too visionary a helmsman to be held in B-movie land. By 1939 he had directed 110 films; the experience of every one of them is apparent in the sublime *Stagecoach*. Made in the most organically prolific film year ever seen, *Stagecoach* was one of three films Ford directed in 1939. The film starts with the rhythm of danger, beat from an Apache war drum; Notorious Native American Geronimo is pissed off as hell and ready to wipe any pale face that appears in his territory off its equally pasty body. In the next scene, the town of Tonto, New Mexico, are, with particular enthusiasm, the stagecoach coming through on its regular stop en route to distant Lordsburg. The Tonto Sanctionsmen Society, whose membership includes the most judgemental feminine minds the town has to offer, has finally succeeded gathering enough support to oust Dolores, Tonto's provider of sexual favours and purveyor of un-Christian behaviour. She, and the town's perpetually inept doctor, Dr. Boone, are forcefully shuttled on to the coach and out of town. Joining the sinners for the ride are Mr. Peacock, who, as a whiskey salesman possessed of samples, proves to be

Boone's boom; Mr. Hatfield, the shady gambler with gentleman's manners and a sketchy past; Lucy Mallory, the "fragile" lady travelling officer; and Mr. Gatewood, the obnoxiously pompous banker with a mysteriously important valise. Sheriff Curt Wilcox, riding shotgun to protect the stage and the driver, nervous Buck Rickabaugh, round out the cosy cacht. Just out of town, the stage meets up with escaped, but honourable, convict, the Ringo Kid whose lame horse has forced him to hitch a ride to Lordsburg where he has "business". As an escapee, the Sheriff is forced to arrest the Kid but lets him ride, untroubled, inside the coach. Things start getting dubious for the stage's safety when they hit their first stop. Their escort, a company of U.S. Army cavalrymen, must abandon them and rein their brigade which has been attacked by Geronimo's forces.

Stagecoach is a tale of a decade of tension. The stage is pursued by the omnipresent, yet invisible, Indians. The passengers are driven together in a "lifeboat" situation: everyone is compelled to go on by a secret or a social stigma (or, in the case of the mild, Mr. Peacock, by the fact he's dated, melodrama is lifted into an excruciatingly exciting adventure and intriguing character study by the grace of John Ford's talent and the skill of the sublime cast, which includes Claire Trevor as the "damned young girl" Dolores, Thomas Mitchell as the jovially and intellectually drunk Doc Boone, and a youthful John Wayne who provides surprising tough-guy sensitivity as and is, unfortunately, the terminally heroic Ringo Kid.

By 1946, cinema had been around for forty years and in it's "Golden Age" for 15. The post-war American filmmaking took another step in it's development as it moved from pastiche to realism, to contemplative young adult. A new cerebral complexity, as epitomised by hot actors of the age like Marlon Brando, was brought into the western on a more regular basis. Plots moved inside the mind and films began to consider the landscape of the psyche as important not more so, than that of the overt story. In 1946, John Ford held the western by the hand and led it quietly into this new, vast and largely uncharted expanse.

My Darling Clementine retells the story of famous old west lawman Wyatt Earp. Ford hired Earl, who, as a latter was a technical advisor in Hollywood in the 20's and,

though he initially did not want to make the film and was merely fulfilling a contractual obligation to the Fox studio, he was determined to steal the picture to match the version Earp had told to him. In this, his success was not quite complete; a few details which work nicely in the framework of the film's whole are factually incorrect. However, as a great western and one of the first that blends inner and outer turmoil, My Darling Clementine hits the jackpot.

Henry Fonda plays the retired Marshall Earp who, as the film opens, is driving cattle with his brothers to California. They stop outside of Tombstone, Arizona for a rest, a drink, and a shave. Leaving the youngest sibling to guard their camp, they head into town to sample the local life. What they discover is a good example of a bad town. Disgusted by the inadequacies of the local policing forces, Fonda takes matters into his own, infamously cowardly hands, quelling a rowdy, deadly drunk. He refuses all subsequent offers of money to leave town, as the passengers and his own brothers head back to their cows. All they find when they get back to camp, however, is a dead Earp. The cattle have killed him. Earp's own brother, who's been secretly murdering Wyatt, decides to accept the town's job offer, makes his remaining brothers aware of the town's loss, as Marshall, and Earp soon meets the town's resident Cain, Doc Holliday. The good doctor (in real life a dentist but here a former surgeon) is wild and tubercular but comes to an understanding and state of mutual respect with Tombstone's newest lawman. The movie's climax is, of course, the gunfight at the O.K. Corral, perhaps the most oft-chased shot in movie history (heck, it was even featured in a *Ster Trek* episode).

Much of My Darling Clementine's screen time is almost devoted to the stalling, or trick-driving. The main theme of the film discusses the way in which nature is civilized, from the uncivilizing force, shoulders the burden of its largely contemplative role aptly. The standout, however, is Victor Mature as Doc Holliday. I have never only seen this actor on one other film, as the laughing, sardonic-ascol wearing giant in the *Frankenstein* series, wholly unprepared for his intense portrayal of Holliday, a man who has received all the benefits of decent society, yet chooses to revert back to a raw, animalistic state of nature. His florid, masculine face is perfectly manipulated as it occasionally lapses from it's killer vision and we come on image of the epitome of culture that he used to be.

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This new-fangled western has a very large potential problem area: inner life and motivation are very difficult to convey without making them too obvious with words. It therefore rests on the talents of the director and actor to bring these factors to life. Ford, Fonda, and Mature were more than equal to the task. In the forty years between *My Darling Clementine* and today, others like Fred Zinneman (*High Noon*) and Robert Altman (*McCabe and Mrs. Miller*), have also met this awesome beast and emerged victorious from the encounter. Most recently in 1992, Clint Eastwood's *Unforgiven* (only the second western to win the Best Picture Academy Award, the first being 1931's *Cimarron*) made for an engrossing and entertaining adult western fare. There have been failures, *Heaven's Gate* has been signaled out, fairly or not, as the last nail in the coffin of the genre.

Almost as tiresome as an unsuccessful psychological western is one which resorts to telling the audience, through flashback scenes and narrative device, every experience a character has had and, subsequently, every motivation the character now has for his/her actions. Playing down the audience's ability to debate and discern for themselves a film's themes and character motivation has been a major Hollywood studio forte ever since profits started climbing into nine digit numbers.

1994's Kevin Costner/*Lawrence Kasden* project, *Wyatt Earp* is just one such fiasco. The last hour and a half of this, the eleventh cinematic life story of the lawman Hollywood refused to let die, is a kind of exciting and certainly worthy as a second-grade, straight-out action western. The epic's first two hours, however, are an unfortunately apt example of the new Hollywood ethic - when you can blurt something out, why hint at it? Every possible excuse for the middle-aged Earp's misogynistic bastardness is documented for us in scene after painful scene. The flow in this movie is about as smooth as a ride in a shockless Chevy on a logging road as we journey back and witness every telling moment from Earp's ejaculatory leered midnight playacting to his wife's and unborn

child's deaths from typhoid to his Dodge City days. No wonder the running time on this saga is three hours and twenty minutes - I'm surprised we don't get to see his balls drop and witness his first shave. The fact that Kevin Costner is the actor that we get to spend this plethora of development time with only makes the endeavor duller, if that's possible. There are two bright sparks in the midst of this drudgery, Dennis Quaid makes a delightful, if codacious Doc Holliday (Quaid reportedly "got into" losing weight for the part a little too heartily and almost became anorexic) and Isabella

case made for a very entertainingly silly movie. The action starts as Earp and his brothers pull into Tombstone to make a new life for themselves. They acquire a gambling hall and set themselves up as businessmen. The Earps end up, of course, taking on Marshall badges, cleaning up the dirty old town, and earning the hatred of the Clanton gang.

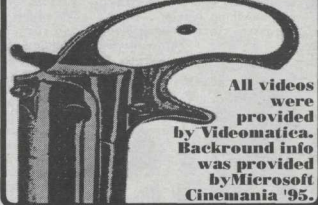
If there's a common thread through all the Wyatt Earp movies I have watched, it's that the best part is always Doc Holliday. Tombstone is no exception as Val Kilmer turns in the only intentionally hilarious performance in the picture. There has been no screen persona more languidly and menacingly demeaning than Kilmer's Doc.

The rest of the film's cast, which is made up entirely of T.V. actors and B-status cogs (Dana Delany, Michael Biehn, Powers Boothe, Bill Paxton, Sam Elliott, Billy

Zane, Dana Wheeler Nicholson and Jason Priestley) may not know the mirth they brought to my heart but, if they are reading this, I thank them. Russell looks like the make-up department did him up for a silent classic (amazingly his eyeliner never runs). Priestley is gloriously fey as a wild west homosexual (P) in love with a travelling actor, flamboyantly played by Zane. Delany is the wholesomest, spunkiest and most liberated whore this side of the Rockies; Wheeler-Nicholson is a wonderfully pathetic hop-head; and Biehn is titter-producingly menacing as the Latin-spouting outlaw, Johnny Ringo. Tombstone is the perfect party movie, but make sure you have your thumb poised on the pause button - you won't

want to miss any of the stupendous dialogue or goofy characters while you and your friends are busy guffawing. One measly column is not enough space to do the entire expanse of westerns justice. Even after my next installment, which will cover more superlative examples of the genre as well as a few other frontier tidbits, only a fraction of the territory will have been seen in these pages. Until then, no forsake me oh my darling...

Rossellini is a spittingly great Big Nose Kate, Holliday's whore/companion who, tragically, disappears after two scenes. It's difficult to watch a western where the filmmakers are more sonnet-driven than the town matrons; on AA Earp who keeps spouting the same credo for three hours - "Blood [family] is the only thing" - is no Earp for me. The buzz behind this film was it's "authenticity". Getting all the facts right does



All videos were provided by Videomatica. Background info was provided by Microsoft Cinemania '95.

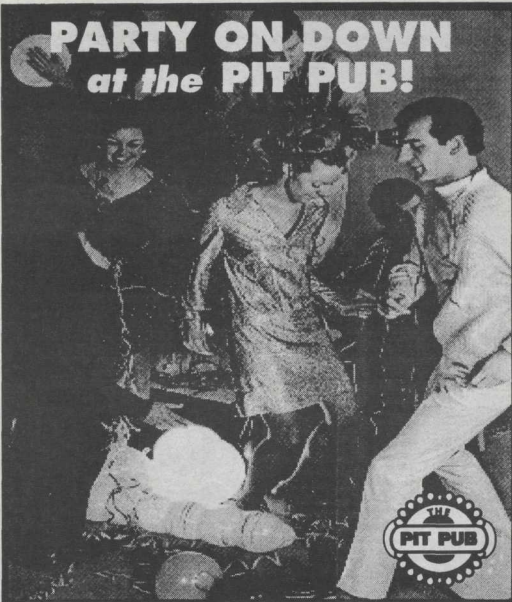
More John Ford Classics

	She Wore a Yellow Ribbon
	1949
	Rio Grande
	1950
	The Quiet Man
	1952
	Mogambo
	1953
	The Man Who Shot Liberty
	Valence
	1962
	Cheyenne Autumn
	1964

not an entertaining, or intelligent, movie make would be the lesson we can all learn from Wyatt Earp.

By contrast, the lesson to be learned from Tombstone, made at the same time as Earp, by a competing studio and starring Kurt Russell as Earp, is that no matter how serious a film is intended to be by its makers, it's still possible to have a howling good time watching it. A troubled set - the director was replaced and the script was hacked apart and re-written - in this

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H EY NOW FOLKS, I believe it's finally come time for me to make an announcement I've been putting off for a while now. I will be retiring, at least for the time being, my services as a writer for DISORDER's pages. It seems that the way my life/possible career is going, everytime I even look at a record I seem to be in some sort of conflict of interest. Believe me, I am a strong believer in community over conflict (i.e., this seems a way too small to worry about such a bitter subject as conflict of interest) but I've finally come to the conclusion that it's a real beast.

Take for instance local punk rockers **Gob**. They have just released an excellent four song 7" EP which I would love to review (or did I just?) but the problem is... I like Gob so much I signed them to the local label I work for! See what I mean? This exact same situation is recurring over and over and for to frequently for my liking. If I don't work with the band, I often know the people in the bands, sometimes really well. Hell, I'm in a band who releases 7"s all the time, but who is there to possibly review those? Therefore, at this stage in my life, I've decided to work at the record label, promoting records the label puts out, and not reviewing records. That means that this column is up for grabs! Who wants it? Seriously, if there's some soiled soul out there who wants to keep the good of 7" record torch burning with honest written support, please approach myself or DISORDER editor Dylan and we can talk about it.

Oh, and by the way, that new Gob EP, grossly titled *Dilazer*, is really good punk. It came as part of a pair as Nefer Records released both the Gob 7" and **d.b.s.**'s first crack at vinyl with the *Snowball EP*. As chronicled in last month's feature article on North Van's favourite teen punks, "Snowball" is a tune about going too far too fast on smack. But the song is so rambunctious, fun and snotty you'd never guess it was based on such a serious topic. The organ solo is great too! d.b.s.'s Rancid infatuation really comes to the forefront here in that ballsy, shout-punk style. The flipside's "Punk Rock Anthem" is a tad on the long side to be a punk anthem and the vocals are a bit flat at times, but whoopdeedding, I'm sure d.b.s. don't give a flying yahoo about perfect pitch so we shouldn't either. As an added bonus, the record is pressed on fitting baby blue vinyl. (Nefer Records, 1027 Davie St., Suite 600, Vancouver BC, V6E 4L2).

The **Mr. T Experience** is a group that should be a major influence on both Gob and d.b.s. MTX recently showcased their new line-up to a capacity crowd at the Starfish Room, where they rocked loud and hard. MTX also showcased the stellar songs from their latest EP *Tapin' Up My Heart*, an awesome new three

THE FALL-OUTS



song punk pop record. The title track, namely "Tapin' Up My Heart", rocks just as hard on vinyl as it did live in a loo-crazy frenzy, featuring an amazing fuzz guitar blast throughout. MTX have achieved a great sound on a great song. The b-side goes on to certify this as a wonderful record as "My Stupid Life" (a rocker all the way) and an unlisted acoustic track play up lead singer/guitarist Dr. Frank's self-



derogatory hilarity within his lyrics. I love it! (lookout, #106, P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA, 94712, USA).

The thing I always have to keep reminding myself is that I ain't gonna love every record I get. This next one, for example, is another release from Bear Records, whose two Tinker 7"s I slagged so mercilessly in a previous column. Making it a Bear Records hatrick o' shit, I certainly do not enjoy this single by **Stellar Dweller** anymore than Tinker (oo I hate that name!), but at least I can figure out what Stellar Dweller are trying to do.

Basically they give us two tunes, "Callaps or Kitequality" and "Sadness Rings"; sludgy, folkie semi-industrial clunkers. Love 'em or leave 'em, folks. (Bear Records, J.A.F. Box 444, New York NY, 10116 USA).

Slipping back into the good, one of my favourite rock'n'roll combos of all time are back on vinyl, thank god. **The Fall-outs** have just released a split 7" with **Flathead** on the newly formed Seattle label Square Target. The a-side is rightly given to the Fall-outs, who contribute a superb, remixed version of "Zombie" (the original version is found on the Fall-outs champion LP *Sleep*). An excellent pop song, "Zombie" is reminiscent of early Kinks hits, only somehow, this song seems to surpass anything from the '60's garage rock camp. It's a high-quality song.

Flathead continue with the walkin' dead theme with the flip's tune "Here Comes The Zombies". It's hard to follow up on the Fall-outs, but this is a pretty cool mid-tempo cryptic cruncher from the snot garage, albeit a bit on the long side. But whatever, it caps off a great little debut for Square Target. (Square Target Records, P.O. Box 19673, Seattle WA, 98109, USA).

THIS MONTH I RECEIVED A DEFINITE first. After a closer inspection, what I assumed was a **Man Or Astroman?** CD EP turned out to be an actual 5" vinyl record!!! It's true! Rock'n'roll has reached a new horizon, which means that bands are now releasing music on 12", 10", 7" and 5" records! Viva la vinyl! But, um... there's just one small problem, and it's about 5 inches long [sounds like my last date]. This lil' record is so small my turntable won't play it! Every time the needle is about to make contact, the arm pulls up [sounds like my last date]. Frustrating indeed, but I think I could muster up a pretty good guess at what these two M.O.A.M. songs sound like. Could they be, say, two tunes of instrumental space-rock'n'roll with bursts of sampled b-movie sound clips? Um, yeah, I think so. All I can hope is that one day I can find out if I'm right, once I figure out how to play this pooch. (Sympathy For The Record Industry, no address).

The following is a pathetic transition into the next review. **The Mystic Zealots**, like **Man Or Astroman?**, have a band name that also starts with the letter M. But that would be about as much as these two groups have in

common. I swear I know something about this band but I can't pinpoint it. This scantily packaged two song seven inch on Skull Duggery Records offers no information either, so I'll have to fudge it, as the term "research" is out of my mental grasp at this time. The Mystic Zealots could very well be Canadian as their two songs "Now That's A Monkey" and "Quarter To Two" create an interesting mix of pop rock verging on something funkier... dare I suggest a cross between Sloan and Furnaceface?



That covers a lot of popular Canuck sounds, so who knows, the Mystic Zealots could very well be a force very soon! (Skull Duggery, no address).

Huevos Rancheros, most definitely Canadian, have directed their latest recorded work to their hometown of Calgary for the very first time in their colorful career. This 7" contains the songs "64 Slices Of American Cheese" b/w "Telstar" and could be the fullest sound this Tex-mex instru-

rock'n'roll three-piece has ever achieved, with throbbing bass and deep, reverberating guitar tones. "Telstar" could easily be your standard "cover tune on the b-side", but this rendition easily rocks its way past the norm.

On the same label gallops forth **Curse of Horseflesh**, which may contain certain human elements of Calgary's legendary Color Me Psycho (again, "research" is evaded). On the a-side of this platter C.O.H. rollick and romp through a stompin' rendition of "Old Joe Clark" in what sounds something like the Cramps meets the Hard Rock Miners. The b-side's "Andromeda Stomp" is a fairly generic instrumental that has some interesting parts, but doesn't quite achieve the height of their label mates Huevos Rancheros. Both of these two singles on Roto-flex Records continue the tradition of a long line of hearty rock'n'roll from Cowtown. Keep it up, you dusty rockers! (Roto-flex, P.O. Box 64252, Calgary AB, T2K 6J1).

So remember folks, I'm packing in this writing stuff for the time being, so if any of you indie rock losers out there want to take over, let's chat. If we don't find someone, you can be sure I'll be back next month.



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i can read by Trish Kelly

Popularity is something that takes a very short time to achieve. Often, it is a bizarre thing to experience because it doesn't even seem justified. In the few short months that I have been doing this column, for example, my mail has increased from nothing to a piece of a love it, but sometimes I really wonder what motivates people to write me or to send me their stuff. To be truthful, a lot of the time I feel I'm doing a half-assed job of this and I am sure that I fool no one.

I know my reasons for doing this column: free zines and a sense that I am helping to increase networking. But sometimes this "fame" of mine shocks me. Because I do a zine and write this column someone, somewhere, has me down as a list of important alternative press contacts. For the past six months I have been receiving press releases from the likes of Ticketmaster and Music West. That isn't even due to *Discorder*; it is for the "magazine" called *Randon Thoughts* that I stopped doing over six months ago. And just today, some guy from Co-Op radio called me and invited me to be on his "panel discussion" about alternative press. I said "Yeah sure, but why me?" My friend Krista explained that because I write a zine and do this zine directory, "you are a publisher and a critic; those are your official titles in the real world."

Suddenly I am not as afraid of this "real world" as I was in high school. I thought it would be a lot harder than this. In my pretend little world, I am a kid with a typewriter and a glue stick who manages to scam a few copies from Kinkos often enough to make a zine. And as for the critic part, this little la to world of mine calls that making friends. I have a feeling that the real world is a tad dumber than I expected, which is fine with me considering I have no intention of being part of it. I am feeling increasingly absorbed in my circle of friends, absorbed by the idea of creating communication and creating community. This month's reading list reflects that new community. More than ever, zines are a way of teaching and learning on a personal level.

Dry Socket #1
(8.5 X 5.5; 32 pages)
This is my first exposure to the writing of Sivan, the creator of *Dry Socket*. Anyone who read the Riot Grrrl Vancouver zines

will remember her as one of the mobilizing members of that group. Her writing here is more personal, less political, but still very important. In the introduction Sivan warns that her thoughts aren't always congruous or long lasting, but she manages to make it work here, providing quick visual images as well as some very personal and not so short stories. Send her some stamps or trades to: 2024 A, E. 1st Ave, Vancouver, BC, V5T 1W5.

Flower Power #6
(8.5 X 5.5; 58 pages)
It isn't very often that I run across political zines in Vancouver, even though I know there are some very political punks living here. Rejoice is one such punk, and maybe the fact that she is somewhat alone in this genre explains why she does such a thorough job. *Flower Power* acts as a network for anarchist punks all over the globe. It includes a complete listing of all the letters the zine receives and gives us a glimpse into what punks are doing today over Rejoice also distributes some tapes and zines. Send two dollars to: PO Box 78068, RPO Grandview, 2606 Commercial Dr., Vancouver BC V5N 5W1.

A Girl #2
(8.5 X 5.5; 4 pages)
Short, painful and progressive, this is the follow up issue to one of my favourite zines ever to come out of Vancouver. Andrea expresses in clear detail the pain of becoming an adult. Send a stamp to: 624 E. 15th Street, North Vancouver, BC, V7L 2S2.

I'm Johnny and I Don't Give a Fuck #1
(4.5 X 6; 50 pages)
I was never a bad kid. I got perfect grades and was too ostentatious to get in much trouble. Thankfully, people like Mr. Andy Healey did enough evil things to make my lack thereof go unnoticed. And beautifully, he never grew out of it. I don't know if a lot of such delinquent kids are good at telling their stories, and somehow I doubt it, but Andy must be the king. These pages are packed. Some stories are hilarious, some are just shocking, and others are plain gross. Send one dollar to: PO Box 21533-1850 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC, V5N 4A0.

Invasion of the Slut Monkey from Hell #4
(8.5 X 5.5; 40 pages)
Just in case you were starting to think that all zines are personal and self-critical, a new issue of the *Monkey* comes out. Mind candy is needed sometimes; too much fiber can leave you constipated and I need a sugar rush every once in a while. Indie rock reviews, silly stories and comics. Send stamps to: 252 Risebrough Cir., Markham ON, L3R 3J4.

Kickwriting #1
(8.5 X 5.5; 36 pages)
If you have broken up with anyone recently, don't read this zine. This is Lonerwolf's attempt to do justice to the oh-so-poetic subject of love. If you are presently gushing over someone, this poetry will make you say, "Oh yes, God yes!" But if you are a bitter old soul, like me, who has to struggle to be objective, you will instead concentrate on the amazing photography and layout in this zine. Even if you gag at the love idea, Lonerwolf deserves credit for doing poetry. Most punks dismiss poetry as too wimpy, but Lonerwolf chooses to go against the status quo and refuses to ignore this powerful vehicle for emotion. The right to feel can't be denied. Send lots of money to: Lonerwolf, PO Box 40520, Portland, OR, 97240-0520.

This is My Scream #1 and #2
(6 X 4.5; 32 pages each)
These are the best zines this writer has ever done. That isn't because she has tried hard to capture your attention or thought up interesting stories, but because she is for once telling the hard truth without a thought about style or grammar. The emotions expressed are pure and direct. To tell the truth, I almost cried and puked when I first read them. Feeling anyone else's pain that acutely is so rare that it is a definite sign of a fierce and brave writer. Send stamps to: 425 W. 13th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V5Y 1W4.

Sometimes I'm A Pretty Girl #3
(4.5 X 6; 32 pages)
I can't keep up with all of Zanna's zines. She is the publisher of a zine, she is a zine machine! Everytime she puts something out it is better than anything I have ever seen. The layout of this zine is a masterpiece in itself.

In this issue, Zanna addresses her relationship with

her father and the classism that he impressed upon her while she was growing up. This is an issue that not many people think about. Certainly not enough people. I could discuss it here, but I'm afraid it would come off preachy. Zanna presents it in a totally non-threatening way because she isn't talking to you. If you are middle class (that probably includes

most of you), you need to read this to educate yourself about how you have been conditioned to perpetuate the privilege of your class. And if you are from a lower class, you could probably appreciate that at least some people are aware of your oppression. Send stamps and money to Zanna at: 2024a E. 1st Ave., Vancouver, BC, V5N 1B5.

I promise you that if you send away for any of these zines you are going to have a lot to think about, at least enough to last you through to next month. You can decide how deeply you want to go, how much you are willing to think. The choice is up to you. Just remember that there are people out there going through exactly what you are going through and we all have a chance to share our lives. This is how we grow; this is how we change.

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THE SMUGGLERS THE ASTRONAUTS Railway Club Saturday, April 22

A funny thing happened on the way to the Railway Club. Well, not funny, just odd. Driving down Robson Street on my way to the venue, I couldn't help but notice a woman on the sidewalk holding a sign suggesting the impending destruction of the world. What a bummer that'd be if it happened, but at least I could be saying I had seen The Astronauts.

Rocketing straight outta Germany faster than an EU spacecraft, The Astronauts gave a performance that will have to go down as one of the most memorable to hit Vancouver in a long time. Although I've never been fortunate enough to see the originators of the instrumental surf-rock genre, like Dick Dale or the Ventures, I can only imagine that what I saw at the Railway was at the very least a close approximation to a performance by one of those acts, if not something in its own league. Fueled by pounding drums, heavily reverberating guitars, and minimalist basslines, the music was incredibly energetic, sounding exactly as surf is supposed to. The whole image of The Astronauts was perfect, right down to their silvery-grey jumpsuits and gold-coloured helmets, costumes which would have looked futuristic on some episode of *Lost in Space*. Completing the obscure 60s surf film effect,

the band showed off their choreographed moves and played vintage instruments tethered to vintage looking amplifiers. I don't know how

ZUMPANO GOOD HORSEY Gastown Music Hall Thursday, April 20

It's really unfortunate that it

takes the blatant corporate sponsorship of cigarette companies to make shows like this possible. Nonetheless, it was a damn fine rock show.

Never having been to the Gastown Music Hall or any of its former incarnations, we were pleasantly surprised to find a really comfy venue. With its cozy atmosphere - reminiscent of the Railway Club but with more room facing the stage - this has all the makings of a good place to watch good bands.

With a cuddly canine backdrop behind them and a sparse

crowd in front, Good Horsey appeared happy to return from their self-imposed hiatus. Horsey was great on this night. As usual, their songs were deep, quirky, and full of stuff below the surface. With a great sense of dynamics and a captivating stage presence, the band looked more comfortable on stage than in the past - singer/bassist Mark Szabo was even dancing!

Musically they were equally strong, with a full bass sound allowing for unconventional and creative guitar noises to round things out. The Good Horsey folks played tunes from their debut full-length CD (*Kazue*) and gave us a surprise or two as well, such as when guitarist Justice went solo for a song while Mark and drummer Max sat down to watch along with the rest of us. All in all, a happy set that left us wanting more.

Zumpano have come a long way in the last year. Not

Horsey were just a tad Gooder.

Brian Wieser
Miko Hoffman

ROYAL TRUX STEEL WOOL A TASTE OF JOY Town Pump Tuesday, April 18

Not even realizing that there was a third band on this bill, I walked in on A Taste of Joy's last song. Judging from the crowd's reaction, though, I didn't miss much. Then again, at every show I've seen at the Town Pump the crowd's reaction is always next to nil until the headlining act - an unfortunate symptom of the "I'm too cool to enjoy any other band except the one my friends tell me to like" syndrome. Oh well, whatever.

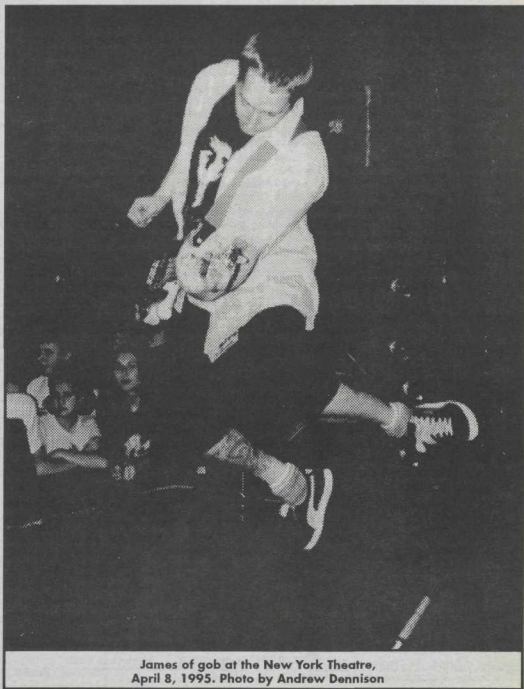
The same held true for Steel

Wool (scheduled openers flut canceled at the last minute), a quartet from Seattle, Washington. Although their loose, erratic stage banter didn't exactly invoke gales of laughter from the audience, their music was brash, furious and energetic enough that it should have had people yelling and stomping in appreciation. Hell, one of the guitarists just about broke his back in a prat fall off the stage - all for the sake of rock 'n' roll!

By the time the Black Crowes - er, I mean Royal Trux - got on stage, I was dwelling on the ironic fact that both Royal Trux and Duran Duran have new albums entitled *Thank You* and that one of Duran Duran's songs is called "White Lines", a subject of which I'm sure Royal Trux is very familiar. Wait a



Flash Bastard at the Penthouse Club, April 14, 1995. Photo by Paul Clarke



James of gob at the New York Theatre, April 8, 1995. Photo by Andrew Dennison



Under review

9 LAZY 9

Electric Ladyland (Ninja Tune/Cargo)

This is a cool, late night, Italian acid jazz collection. Variegated percussion dominates the swing with styles ranging from Afro-Cuban to jazz to hip-hop, all splendidly mixed to produce an equally diverse rhythm front. With the bass bombing the beats and tricky horn sets insinuating themselves between all the grooves, the sound achieves the paradoxical quality of shuffling your feet in some way out style while at the same time melting your mind into a puddle of laziness. 9 Lazy 9 have played their stuff from Tibetan fishing boats and Polish river factories, from Naples to Nanking: exotic locales and outrageously unprecedented gigs giving their sound its unusual spice. Electric Ladyland is a most adventurous acid jazz ensemble with a very fat vibe.

Kuan-Neng Foo

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

The State Of The Art Is On Fire (Sympathy For The Record Industry)

You know how your Grandma used to make you those famous chocolate chip cookies of hers and you'd stand there by the stove with your fist in your mouth and your eyes bugging out, 'cuz you couldn't wait to smear that oh-so-chocolaty goodness all over yer face and then she'd grin at you and say with an impish, bespectacled grin, "Good things come to those who wait!"

Make tracks groovy, 'cuz when I see six chewy new morsels from San Diego's finest, I just gotta get some pronto. After 2 1/2 years of waiting for Rocket's latest batch, a whole lot of lovin' finally came out of their sorry bakes oven. "Light Me" kicks off this pan in a line style as the ultimate filled love song. Followed by "As in Anson Class", the story of the shop teacher's night nightmare, supercharged "Rid or Ride", and the epic "Human Torch" which showcases the big brass kick of members Apollo-9 and JC 2000.

Flip this lid and you've got "Rat Size" with its sing-along chant of "Rat's Alright!", "Human Spine" ends it all in its lunked-up glory. Damn, if this is any indication of their up 'n' coming big time rekkid, I better get me another glass o' milk.

Bryce Dunn

SMOOTHER Cepcayt (Sonic Union)

What is it with Sonic Union bands that half of their roster changes names after they've gathered some attention? First there was Gorp to Spin, then NCI17 to Treble Charger, and now Smoother, formerly known as Sponge.

Taking the songs on Cepcayt individually, there are a lot of good ones surrounded by what I can only refer to as filler. Rockers like "Honey", "Hamper", and "Colourful Hat" are full of energy, and catchy as turbo, too. The guitars are solidly present but never worky, the bass and drums are tight and powerful, and the over-

all band performance is strong. Unfortunately, vocals appear to be Smoother's weakness. It's true that what one person thinks is a voice personalized with melody someone else may think to be a poor excuse for cat-eowling, and the singing on Cepcayt isn't that bad. It's not so good either. Too often the vocals come across as an attempt to match that Layne Staley-style coarse whine that is prevalent on any Alice in Chains song, Layne seems to have mastered it for his own work but I don't think it works with the music of Smoother. However, though it was grating, it not prohibitive, to hear at first, after repeated listenings it becomes less noticeable.

With songs reminiscent of local power-poppers Pet, the Sweethearts and others, Smoother's Cepcayt is, if nothing else, a very "promising" LP.

Brian Wieser

COLD WATER FLAT Cold Water Flat (MCA)

Cold Water Flat is a three-piece hailing from the east coast of the United States, and includes vocals/guitarist Paul Janowitz, brother of Buffalo Tom's Bill Janowitz. Whaddya know, the similarity doesn't end there. Cold Water Flat seem to be an identical clone of Birdbrained Buffalo Tom. Their music are comparable (on the dark side), as are the songs (play to mid-paced with a tendency to plod), and the coincidences extend all the way down to the vocals and the producer (Sean Slade). It will be interesting

to see if Cold Water Flat will be able to escape from the Buffalo Tom comparisons that will inevitably ensue enough to develop their own identity.

Fred Dief

ST. JOHNNY Let It Come Down (DGC/MCA)

This third full-length release from the Hartford, CT quartet finds the band sailing gracefully through uncharted musical territory, pulling a complete 360 from their last two distortion-laden releases. Those hissing, dissonant guitars are almost completely in check - a brave move for the band considering the fickleness of the audience that they have appealed to in the past (including members of Mercury Rev [who guest on the album] and label-mates Sonic Youth).

St. Johnny have "Come Down" from their manic amphetamine fueled assault heard on High As A Kite and Speed Is Dreaming. A casual tangent through these thirteen tracks is a relaxed, diverse affair, including a mixture of soul, lounge, gospel and rock 'n' roll elements. You name it, it's here. With the addition of two new members (an electric guitar and drums) the only reminders of last year's chameleons are Bill Whitten's disjointed, apocalyptic vocal stylings and Jim Elliott's solid bass lineage. Whitten still carves up his adjectives on tracks such as "Hey Teenager" and "Do You Want To Come Out" with the assistance of everything from piano and saxophone to a choir belting it out. A wacky mix

and matched collection, this is a must listen for past [and future] fans.

Samantha Colver

SHED SEVEN Change Giver (Polydor)

"OK, lots, how 'bout a warm welcome for England's newest rock stars - they're hot, they're hot, they're SHED SEVEN!"

(cheers and prepubescent screams rock the venue)

"Also, I'm, I'm Rick Witter, and this is me band, Shed Seven! Yer in for a rowkin' good time tonight! I'll be doin' yow, screaching and pouling and shakin' me bottom in yer face. That's right, who do you love?"

(more cheers and screams from the frenzied crowd)

"I'm sure you're all here to enjoy me thoughtful, intelligent lyrics about immensely meaningful events in me life...or are you really here because me band's in all the papers since we're so sassy and sexy?"

(Shed drooling is in full effect)

"This 'eres me band: three blokes on backup; but it's really me you should be concerned with, I'm the one who makes the covers. I'm the one with the sexy swagger. I'm the one with the intoxicatingly nauseous voice, quite right! That's Mr. Sassy Pants to you!" (the screaming crowd has now become a full-blown hormonal nightmare)

So there you have it. Shed Seven, in their own words. Actually, it's all a big lie (Don't sue!)

Shed Seven make decent music, it's just the vocals that are so immensely annoying. Rick Witter obviously feels he has something to say...but do we want to hear it? He's all sass and no meaning. You could enjoy the lyrics if you knew what they were intended to be trashy, but it's all done so seriously. Witter obviously has no idea that his lyrics mean shit. If you can tolerate shoddy, trivial lyrics (and a grating voice), you might be able to enjoy Shed Seven. If you're looking for music with quality content, look elsewhere.

Julie

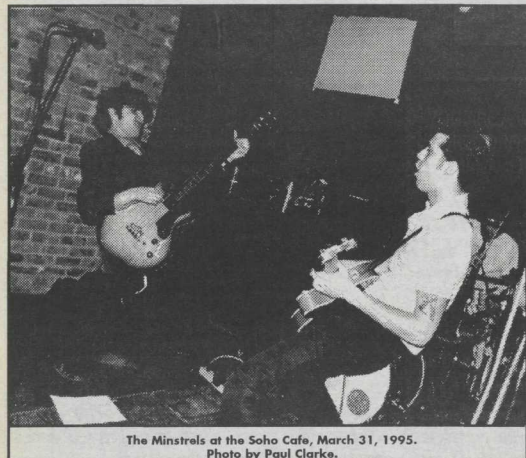
THE PRODIGY Music for the Jilted Generation (Mute) APHEX TWIN Classics (R&S)

I'm not sure what to make of Music for the Jilted Generation, which made many top album lists in the UK for last year. It's a solid, very completely made techno album which produces the desired effect - gotta sing, gotta dance. However, you'd be hard pressed to enjoy any of the tracks in your morning/bath while taking your memory/evening/weekly shower. Cynics out there may laugh and ask, "What'd you expect?" But techno doesn't have to be generic to be good; witness Orbital or Cornwall, England's Richard D. James (that's Mr. Aphex Twin to you.)

A few years ago, I kept reading about Aphex Twin and his legendary

minute...was that Simon LeBon under that droopy make-up and fake fur coat? I guess no one will ever know for sure.

Bryce Dunn



The Minstrels at the Soho Cafe, March 31, 1995.
Photo by Paul Clarke.

POSTER CHILDREN ZUMPANO TSUNAMI

Starfish Room
Saturday, April 8
Richmond Virginia's Tsunami

opened this solid triple bill with an extremely brief set of sometimes brooding, other times sweet n' jingly pop numbers complimented by angelic and powerful vocals. Better on record than live, but still enjoyable.

Next we had the bastard sons of Burt Bacorach (sic) serving up some cocktails of soulful flavour after defeating an initially murky sound mix. Abstaining from the act of selling their own wares and opting instead to ponder some fine literature was a classy move, even if the crowd didn't quite get it. "She's A Full-Blooded Sicilian" is one of my fave tunes.

Finally, the Poster Children rocked out all over the place, with the brothers Valentin shakin' their mops of puppet hair whilst tearing out guitar strings, bassist Rose careening around like a berzerk ballerina, and drummer Howie keepin' it steady for every tune from the blistering opener "New Boyfriend" to the climactic closer "Just Like You". Ahh, my dollars were well spent.

Bryce Dunn

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There are those who tell us things
and when we first hear them we are
surprised at what appears to be wisdom
and understanding. But, the more you listen
the less impressive it all seems until you
finally realize it was all shit to begin
with. You gotta be a moron to want to be:

Queen of the Scene!



first single, "Digeridoo". Then, one glorious night, I heard it's sonorous beauty at a local club. It made me nauseous and gave me goosebumps at the same time, it was that primal. The irony is that James wrote it to encourage people to leave his friend's raves at the end of the night.

Describing James' music is not easy. I find it very moving, maybe it's the unsure approach in it. "Flaphead" for example, has a warm, bumping beat overlaid with what only can be described as keyboard flatulence, then a very creepy minor note starts that contrasts very well with the lushness of the rest of the track. The essence of James' sound is the fact he refurbishes analogue synths to recreate the sounds he hears in his head. This gives the music a friendly, suspicious sound, but some of the sounds are so downright bizarre that it can keep the listener on edge. To the uninitiated, James' sound can be repetitious, but I find it a fascinating mixture of fast and slow, stop and start. James is also one of the few techno artists to use his own samples. He carries around a DATman and will tape the goings on at his local grocery store, for example, and manipulate them to his own liking. A very funny example of this is "Amphex", in which he screws around with an engine lampax IV. The man's a genius.

June Scudeler

WALTONS Cock's Crow (Warner)

The Waltons' debut *Like My Tractor* grew on me slowly. I loved their *Simple Brain* EP as much as I heard it. While *Cock's Crow* seems to be getting better with listening, it certainly didn't amaze after the first spin. Balads were the strength of the Waltons' first releases and, while *Cock's Crow* is generally a mellow album, it's the faster tunes which really stick out. Of particular note are "Steel in the Mead" and "Michaelangelo's Tummy", a critique of glamour magazine culture. Also very good is "Surprise", a collaboration with Spirit of the West. However, the best part of *Cock's Crow* is the producing. Michael Phillip Wojewoda continues to impress me. The Waltons' are played with a rather hollow sound, but Wojewoda makes them sound as full as they'll ever be.

Peter Stevens

THE HI-FIVES Welcome To My Mind (Lookout!)

Here are five reasons why you should pick up this great new release from these California hip-shakers:

- 1) They named their group after a sixties garage band from Vancouver.
- 2) The title "Welcome To My Mind" "Love You Better" and "Angie" will leave burn marks on your living room rug!
- 3) Not one, but two Billy Childish tunes! ("Gone, Gone, Gone" and "Out of Control")
- 4) They sing about The Queen! ("Let's Have a Cheer")
- 5) Cuz I said so!

Nuff said - now get going!
Bryce Dunn

LYNARD SKYWARD Endangered Species (Capricorn) LAUGHING HYENAS (Touch n' Go)

The Skyward reminds me of many a canyon-underconstruction me and all my other uncles, aunts, aunts, nephews, newbies shopclots hung out in, drinking Schooner at the bottom around bonfires and shillin' on cop cars at the top. Lynard Skyward, with his working class cynicism that had a meek and a sentiment behind them as innocuous as a yellow Smartie in a

bag of blanched peanuts.

As the second song wore on my hazy highschool associations quickly dissipated and I began thinking of the cowboy boots and red pickup that belonged to my dad... this quickly degenerated to thoughts of church and fried chicken, which are unendurably dull. I took the CD off and replaced it with the Laughing Hyenas' *Hard Times*, which was basically the same thing except snider and more electric.

Janis Warren

MIKE WATT Ball-Hog Or Tugboat (Sony)

Shooting a comparison between Mike Watt and any other would be as abstract as the two objects he composes himself to in the album's title. Whether with the Minutemen, Firehose, or collaborating with fifty or so of his closest friends, Watt stands behind a legacy of one very unique sound which combines elements of jazz, funk and rock fusion like no other.

With seventeen tracks in all, Watt has released an album which can be described simply as one long eclectic jam featuring a who's who of progressive musicians of this decade as its players. This is an impressive effort that is so sincere it hurts. From the mouth of the man, "We keep telling" the Mike Watt rocks.

Samantha Calvert

JULY Love Apocalypse (Mutiny Records)

Forty-five minutes of a guy with a bad voice moaning on top of ambient guitar and drum machine. A waste of time.

Peter Stevens

MATTHEW SWEET 100% Fun (Zoo/BMG)

What a relief. Yes, Brendan O'Brien of *Andromeda* and Stone Temple Pilots have produced 100% Fun, but his presence is nowhere to be found in the songs. For that matter, it's hard to notice him anywhere at all; the jangly, sometimes country-influenced pop-rock songs aren't too dissimilar from previous Matthew Sweet releases. Maybe that's the sign of a good producer: letting the artist express themselves as best as they can.

This EP was supposed to be lighter than his bleaker sounding predecessor, *Allured Beast*, and it is just that. Most of the 12 tunes are closer in spirit to the "up" songs from *Girlfriend*, with bouncy poppy hooks that stick to your ears like only the candy that Sweet writes can.

There are other aspects of the overall production that dominate this record. For example, guitarist Richard Lloyd and Robert Quine are back at it again, filling out every song with their identifiably jagged lead guitars and providing a great contrast to the otherwise smooth sounds of the recording.

Sweet is not trying anything revolutionary on this release. 100% Fun seems to take elements of the two previous releases: the "fun" aspects of *Girlfriend* and the 100% (no irony) attitude of *Allured Beast*. In doing so, it's really more of the same. If it came to a life or death choice, I'd pick *Allured* over 100%. In a second, if your inactivity for pop music gets the best of you, you won't be terribly disappointed. You might even have a little fun.

Brian Wisner

THE BLUE AEROPLANES Rough Music (Beggars Banquet)

The first thing I noticed about The Blue Aeroplanes when I looked at their CD sleeve is that they have 25 members in their band. Of course they don't

all play at once, but instead vary the combination of players for each song. The band switches between two vocalists and one combination of thirteen guitarists. Fortunately for the band, most of the members are multi-instrumentalists so they can contribute to each song in a number of ways. Out of the 25 members, there is only one female and she plays the electric guitar.

Another aspect of The Blue Aeroplanes that struck me is how clean their songs are. In a time where fuzzy guitars are the norm, The Aeroplanes provide a nice contrast with melodic British pop tunes. There isn't any Rough Music as the title implies. Most of the lyrics are spoken over top of the music, but in a musical way. Thankfully, the lyrics aren't all about love. In fact, there are only one or two love songs on this 13 song CD. If you are looking for a break from today's distorted guitar-ridden music, then this CD will provide for you amply.

shhh

NITZER EBB Big Hit (Geffen)

For those of us old enough to remember, in the years between Skinny Puppy and Nine Inch Nails our industrial needs were filled by Ebb's screaming vocals and crushing beats. Sadly, every album they have released has been a little less impressive than the previous one as Nitzer (pronounced Nightfall) Ebb has become mired in pseudo-dance techno. Ah, well.

Enter *Big Hit*, a release with a different approach. Most of a rock album than anything else, *Big Hit* is not half bad. It's moderate, not heavy, but with a creepy feel to it and maybe even a tad "grown up" from the "Join in the Chant" days. Though not quite back to the good old days when singer Douglas McCarthy was poster boy for sure throat loosening, Nitzer Ebb's latest is just enough for the car stereo.

Gustav



BELLY King Sire Records

I confess that while I tend to get frustrated with the very produced A&D sound, I liked *Belly's* first full length release, *Star*. The songs on *Star* made an eclectic collection, but they all featured non-linear structures. Tanya Donnelly's hip-hop, electric sounding voice, and non-sensical, unpredictable lyrics.

As a long time fan of Throwing Muses I had appreciated the pop energy Tanya Donnelly had added to the band's sound; it was this quality that saved the albums from being overly depressing times. With *Star* Donnelly managed to indulge these poppy tendencies while still producing a unique album.

King, however, is a disappointingly boring, lifeless, pop album. Gone is *Belly's* odd song structure and the erratic ups and downs of Tanya Donnelly's voice. Instead the flow of the songs is predictable and steady. Her songs have become literal and personal, relating much clichéd sentiments about love and identity, not atypical of pop songs. Tanya Donnelly, it would seem, has become too pop. It is as though over-indulging her pop sensibilities she has finally allowed pop to tame the individuality out of her.

Krista Jones

charts

may '95 LONG VINYL 50 may '95 SHORT VINYL 35 may '95 INDIE HOME JOBS

1	various artists skookum	chief powered xit rawk	nardwuar
2	pavement	wowee wowses	matador
3	runapeno	look what the rookie did sub pop	carrot
4	the cocktails	peel	killrock stars
5	nervy lou lord	nervy lou lord	reprise
6	the muffs	blonder and blonder	geffen
7	elastica	elastica	reprise
8	mudhoney	my brother the cow	trackshun
9	good horsey	kazuo	k
10	kicking giant	alien id	lightning motoguzzi charge
11	pet	lightning motoguzzi charge	n&m
12	the vinylgrotes	atta boy girl	incentive
13	the cracklins	what came first?	shredder
14	half-japanese	greatest hits	safe house
15	toan dresch	personal best	chainsaw/candyass
16	bikini kill	last 2 records on cd	killrock stars
17	various artists	wakefield/teenbeat	sampler teenbeat
18	guided by voices	box	scat
19	various artists	work up	virgin
20	yo la tempo	tom courtney ep	matador
21	the minstrels	every which way	anaba pacific
22	tsunami	world tour and other... simple machines	matador
23	hellus	the dirt of luck	k
24	heavenly	the decline and fall of	matador
25	various artists	amateur soundtrack	matador
26	bettie servent	leagury	minit
27	chb	come come out	merge
28	spent	songs of drinking ...	pf
29	the inbreds	combustion	leagury
30	buggybear	weaponry listens to lovekill rock stars	minit
31	pluto	cool way to feel	minit
32	perfume tree	fathom the sky ep	minit
33	bax bandits	life gone on	minit
34	juicy	for the ladies	minit
35	the takes	real fiction	minit
36	radio free vestibule	sketches songs and shoe s	minit
37	sonic youth	made in usa	minit
38	royal trux	thank you	minit
39	morphine	yes	minit
40	meca normal	sitting on snaps	minit
41	little axe	for the wolf that house built	minit
42	belly	king	minit
43	change of heart	turnayuskie	minit
44	kustomized	battle for space	minit
45	throwing muses	university	minit
46	laika and the comanauts	amazing colossal band	minit
47	seal	save the lipoleum ep	minit
48	muckerpunch	carols from the canyonchemical sound	minit
49	squirrel nut	the inevitable	minit
50	railroad-jerk	one track mind	minit

1	girl afraid	wallflower	pop kid
2	slip	don't even bother	lo
3	sunnyside	you're my battery	shredder
4	wandering lacy	hit	independent
5	gase	bob	independent
6	lefty lacy	gauche	skinnle girl
7	hite	funbuns	derivative
8	plum	short way to live	spirit
9	teen angels	yew is on my side	scotch pooch
10	june	gunis	squaler
11	poumons	bad love #13	think
12	do rag	trudge	in the red
13	sissy bar	magic bunny	love kit
14	campus tramps	knocked out cold	demolition derby
15	the zambonis	away game	dot dot dash
16	hubblegum crash	low blood	behenoth
17	flip	act i, scene i	super electro
18	flashback five	forever young	no-java
19	pounddesign/postal	split	smallfi/no life
20	red five	space	shattered music
21	the flinks	dirty rotten	dionysus
22	bun/teengenerate	split	lance rock
23	toadler	hey we're sweethearts	really fast racer
24	godruki	coast	cinnamon toast
25	cheticamp	coincidence	friction media
26	goby's opinion	natty bohemian	smells like
27	blonde redhead	10 feet high valentine	high mast
28	scene	747	high mast
29	folk implorion	walk through this worlddrunken fish	friction media
30	hoopstus	drink fight - fun	damaged goods
31	trailer bride	crossing jordan	friction media
32	alisons halo	down	ipr
33	less than Jake	glumbe	no idea
34	stellar dweller	catlips	bear
35	the tonics	ups and downs	aspruider

1	new	boy groupies
2	the stuges	devilina
3	the concubines	drunk
4	trish kelly	untitled
5	wheat chiefs	everything
6	touch'n'go	ugly
7	meet delay	eliot's shape
8	dbs	solitaire
9	the flamenco apogee	no smile
10	kim linkin	this train
11	one angel down	shut the demons
12	plump	cold feet
13	tattle tale	a girl's toolbox
14	helen	anybody
15	paleysuitcase	reconcile
16	vertical after	the cy song
17	temoc	no time for r'n'r
18	pipedream	transience
19	the mind grind	club nitty gritty
20	nelories	banana

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1	distant drums	work that body	limbo
2	dj misgh & dj tim	access	x trax
3	leftfield	leftism lp	hard hands
4	freaky chakra	multiphasic invocator	astralwerks
5	hardfloor	respect lp	hathhouse
6	ramin feat. b-flame	unknown call	logic
7	claude young	nocturnal	djax up beats
8	various artists	carl cox - f.a.c.t.	react
9	alke dearborn	momenta	djax up beats
10	not breathing	event horizon ep	visible

HOT! WORLD BEAT TOP 10

1	crazy	cough remedy	jw productions
2	a.a. outeniko	e.a. medley 1	red bullet
3	juan luis guerra	canto de hacha	karen
4	ghanny see & djk	banchoo	roma
5	kwak	manjo	hibiscus
6	combo d'afrique	ah! home	jnuu encore
7	sacha b	to be racist	ras
8	tropicana	el negro	independent
9	sasha	teri aeri ek jindri	hng
10	pochi y su cocomand	canciones cocomanticas	kubany



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APRIL

FRI 18 Veruca Salt & The Mulls at the Vogue Theatre...Midnight Shift w/djs [Bones] Jon Hardy & A/E at the Ashé Gallery (154 W. Hastings - alley entrance)...

SAT 29 Samiam, The Goops & Sense Field at the New York Theatre (ALL-AGES)...Jewel at the Gostown Music Hall...Focapiller, Waiting For God & Christ Analog at the Hungry Eye...Rodin's Course w/ Spanish Fly, Soints and Poets, Naked Trif, Butcher Shop Quartet & Dal-Di-Vog at the Town Pump (Benefit for B.C. Children's Hospital)...Fiesta Caliente w/B.C. Solos, Amistad & Ritmo Latino at the Commodore...Ken Haman Trio & Trolchs with Chorley at the WISE Hall...Full Bloom w/djs TBone, Markem, Flyte, Lace & Isis at 339 W. Hastings...

SUN 30 The Posies, Pluto & treble charger at the Town Pump (2pm - ALL-AGES)...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Goff & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soles...

MAY

MON 1 CTR 101.9 IM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB...Ice Cube & Ice to face at the Commodore...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...Blue Room w/djs Isis at Automotive (8-12pm)...

TUE 2 Gypsy Kids at the Orpheum...1036 Richards w/djs Dickey Doo & guests at surprise surprise - 1036 Richards...Baby Blue w/djs A/E, Luis & Jon Hardy at the Shaggy Horse...

WED 3 Grills With Guitars at the Lotus Club: Carmen & The Insomnics...Helium, Speedbuggy & Flyer at the Starfish Room...Powderfinger, Guppy & Cellar of the Sun at the Hungry Eye...Rox Tappert and Oliver Cannon at the Alma St. Cafe...Solid Gold w/djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone, Dickey Doo (progressive house) at the Shaggy Horse...Wonderland w/djs Lace, LittleT & Pretty Boy at the Commodore...

THU 4 Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring @ & Flash Bastard...The Intoxicators at the Niagara Pub...Chris Sigerson at the Alma St. Cafe...The Denison-Kimball Trio at the Starfish Room...The Beat Farmers at the Town Pump...New Jungle Orchestra at the Glass Slipper...Powder Finger at HMV Robson (7pm)...Chocolate Milk w/djs Michael Goff (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...The Bottle w/djs David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...Sol w/djs Markem at Graceland...Cooky Puss w/djs On-E (Dee-Lite) & Czech at 1036 Richards (9-12)...

FRI 5 Suckerpunch at the Niagara Hotel...Paupers' Feast & The Blue Meenies at the Hungry Eye...The Flaming Lips, Archers of Loof & The Beatnik Filmmakers at the Commodore...Eugene Ripper's Fast Folk Underground at the Railway Club...Ginger at the Town Pump...Granville Island Blues Festival (Fri May 21)...Velour Dimension w/djs Czech, Vitamin-E & Bullocks at 930 Station Street...The Bassment w/rotating djs every week at 1015 Burrard (bsmt of Century Plaza Hotel)...

SAT 6 d.b.s., Dunderheads, Disfigurines, Goo, Area 51 & Utopia at the Southwall (in the Lonsdale Rec Centre, 23rd & Lonsdale in N.Van, 7:00pm - ALL-AGES)...Pluto, Punchbuggy, Pop Sickle & gals at the Starfish Room...Dave Matthews Band, Big Head Todd and The Monsters at the Commodore...Eugene Ripper's Fast Folk Underground at the Railway Club...Hard Rock Miners Benefit for the Dragon Ladies at the Justice Institute Gym (4180 W. 4th Ave)...Ginger at the Town Pump...Jewel at the Gostown Music Hall...Jon Petty & the Jayhawks at the Coliseum...54-40 at the Breakers...Empathy w/djs Downan, Donald Glaude, Markem & more (444-8030)...

SUN 7 Allan at the Mossy Theatre...Grills With Guitars at the Lotus Club: Kelle Fleming & Sandy Scofield...Suckerpunch & The Deadcoats at the Hungry Eye...All at the Starfish Room...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Goff & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soles...

MON 8 CTR 101.9 IM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB...Dan Cray at the Glass Slipper...Quagmire at the Hungry Eye...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...Blue Room w/djs Isis at Automotive (8-12pm)...

TUE 9 Slash and a few close friends, Brother Kane at the Commodore...The Many, Trigger Happy & Bender at the Hungry Eye...Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess & Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...1036 Richards w/djs Dickey Doo & guests at 1036 Richards...Baby Blue w/djs A/E, Luis & Jon Hardy at 818 Richards...

WED 10 Tony Trischka & David Grier at the WISE Hall...Dick 'n' Jane, Davi Redici & Richard Reach at the Starfish Room...Mellisa McWhirter at the Coliseum...Solid Gold w/djs TBone, Dickey Doo & Jon Hardy (progressive house) at the Shaggy Horse...Wonderland w/djs Lace, LittleT & Pretty Boy at the Commodore...

THU 11 Music West Festival (Fri May 14)...Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Trigger Happy & Bender...Big Gulch, Sex with Nixon, Queazy & Placebo at the Starfish Room...Sonic Union Showcases: Tristan Plonic, Shallow, Smoother & Hayden at the Hungry Eye...Minority at HMV Robson (7pm)...Junkhouse, Mushroom Trail, Optium Underground at the Evil Roy Slide at the Town Pump...Dad, Sons of Freedom, Green Apple Quickstep, Lazy Susan & Crankshaft at the Commodore...Rough Trade & Mollies Revenge at Dick's On

Dicks...Archie Roach and Ruby Hunter w/guests at the Vogue Theatre...Chocolate Milk w/djs Michael Goff (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...Sol w/djs Markem at Graceland...

FRI 12 Hayden, The Wild Bouquet, John Wesley Harding, Carmoig DeForest & Bob Wiseman at the Gostown Music Hall...Cargo Records Showcases: Tex, Focapiller, 16 Volts, ma & Jimmy Gargo at the Starfish Room...Spirits of the West with the VSO at the Commodore...Mike Watt, Foo Fighters & Hovocraft at the Commodore...John Cale at the Vogue...Sven Goli, Damn the Diva & Sybil Vain at the Town Pump...Funkyard at the Phunky Toots...djs Jon Hardy & Druna at the Shaggy Horse...Velour Dimension w/djs John E, Mark Oliver & Vitamin-E at 930 Station Street...The Bassment w/rotating djs every week at 1015 Burrard (bsmt of Century Plaza Hotel)...Honey Drops II w/djs G, J. Swing, Kem, Flipout & Kilo-Cee (Hip-Hop) at the Pit Gallery (9:30-4)...

SAT 13 Eric Bagle at the WISE Hall...The McRockins at the Anzo Club...The Inbreds, Rebecca West, Cub, Coyote & Pluto at the Gostown Music Hall...Suckerpunch at the Max...Vika and Linda, Ani Difranco, Ruby Hunter and Archie Roach & Jewel at the Starfish Room...Spirits of the West with the VSO at the Orpheum...Jewel at the Starfish Room...Bootsauce, Rymes With Orange, Age of Electric & Deadline at the Commodore...The Headstones, Bil Noked, Another White Mole & Bluebeard at the Town Pump...Joan Arden w/guests at the Vogue Theatre...Slam City Jam w/D.O.A., the Skahogs & more at the Plaza of Nations (ALL-AGES)...The Rise w/djs John E, Chameleon, Alex Bender, Mark Oliver, Bullocks, Czech, Pretty Boy, Vitamin-E, LittleT & Flyte (473-8777)...Full House w/djs TBone, Vernell, Pep & many more at 930 Station Street...

SUN 14 Fat Wreck Chords Showcases: Tily, Good Riddance, Mystery Machine at somewhere...Slam City Jam w/Love Battery, Agent Orange & more at the Plaza of Nations (ALL-AGES)...Terry Bozzio & Steve Howe at the Vogue Theatre...IASC Mini-Con 1, science fiction convention with special guest Anneke Wills (Polly from Dr Who)...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Goff & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soles...

MON 15 CTR 101.9 IM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...Blue Room w/djs Isis at Automotive (8-12pm)...

TUE 16 Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess & Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...1036 Richards w/djs Dickey Doo & guests at 1036 Richards...Baby Blue w/djs A/E, Luis & Jon Hardy at 818 Richards...

WED 17 Solid Gold w/djs djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone & Dickey Doo at the Shaggy Horse...Wonderland w/djs Lace, LittleT & Pretty Boy at the Commodore...Velvet w/djs TBone, Dickey Doo & special guests at 1082 Granville (rear entrance)...

THU 18 LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL ON CTR 101.9 IM: FRIGHT WIG...Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Sex With Nixon & Crankshaft...People Playing Music at HMV Robson (7pm)...The Bottle (acid jazz) w/djs Clarence & David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...Sol w/djs Markem at Graceland...Chocolate Milk w/djs Michael Goff at the Shaggy Horse...

FRI 19 The Killjoys, gob & Terror of Tiny Town at the New York Theatre (ALL-AGES)...Velour Dimension w/djs Noah, Dickey Doo & Vitamin-E at 930 Station Street...The Bassment w/rotating djs every week at 1015 Burrard (bsmt of Century Plaza Hotel)...

SAT 20 Cub, Seom, a Miniature & Venus Cues All at the New York Theatre (ALL-AGES)...R.E.M. & Sonic Youth at the Coliseum...Four Men and a Dog at the WISE Hall...Jewel at the Gostown Music Hall...Enlightenment 2 w/djs Dmitry & On-E (Dee-Lite) plus guests (info TBA)...

SUN 21 GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Goff & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soles...

MON 22 CTR 101.9 IM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...Blue Room w/djs Isis at Automotive (8-12pm)...

TUE 23 PJ Harvey & Tricky at the Commodore...Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess & Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...1036 Richards w/djs Dickey Doo & guests at 1036 Richards...Baby Blue w/djs A/E, Luis & Jon Hardy at 818 Richards...

WED 24 Ned's Atomic Dustbin, Eonoline Crush & Prick at the Commodore...Solid Gold w/djs djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone & Dickey Doo at the Shaggy Horse...Wonderland w/djs Lace, LittleT & Pretty Boy at the Commodore...Velvet w/djs TBone, Dickey Doo & special guests at 1082 Granville (rear entrance)...

THU 25 Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Rotted Roosters & Deadcoats...Big Gulch at HMV Robson (7pm)...The Bassment w/rotating djs every week at 1015 Burrard (bsmt of Century Plaza Hotel)...

FRI 26 Smugglers, Spenseazz, Bum & The Rip-offs at the Starfish Room...Oh God, it's Pige and Plant at the Coliseum...Velour Dimension w/djs MarkT, Quick Fix & Vitamin-E at 930 Station Street...The Bassment w/rotating djs every week at 1015 Burrard (bsmt of Century Plaza Hotel)...

SAT 27 Perfume Tree cd release party at the Starfish Room...

SUN 28 CTR 101.9 IM PRESENTS BEASTIE BOYS, BAD BRAINS & DJ HURRICANE at the Coliseum...Bobby Watson Sextet at the V.E.C.C...

MON 29 CTR 101.9 IM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB...Grrls With Guitars at the Railway Club: Marc & Theodora, Helen Goro Mo Field, Michelle Gooding, and Krista Jeanne Sheff field and the Burning...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...Blue Room w/djs Isis at Automotive (8-12pm)...

TUE 30 Bum & The Nomads of the Hungry Eye...Peter Frampton & Deep Julia at the Commodore...Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess & Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...1036 Richards w/djs Dickey Doo & guests at 1036 Richards...Baby Blue w/djs A/E, Luis & Jon Hardy at 818 Richards...

WED 31 Solid Gold w/djs djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone & Dickey Doo at the Shaggy Horse...Wonderland w/djs Lace, LittleT & Pretty Boy at the Commodore...Velvet w/djs TBone, Dickey Doo & special guests at 1082 Granville (rear entrance)...

VENUES

Alma Street Cafe 2505 Alais (at Broadway)	222 2244
Anzo Club 3 W 8th (Mount Pleasant)	874 7128
Arts Hotline	644 2877
@ Gallery 110 W Hastings (downtown)	685 0509
Bassits	689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)	867 1354
Cafe Deux Moutre 307 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195
Cafe Vieux Montre 317 E Broadway (Mount Pleasant)	873 1331
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 0899
Celebrities 1022 Davie (West End)	689 2180
CNIMax Theatre 999 Canada Place (downtown)	682 4629
Commodore Ballroom 870 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 7838
Commodore Lanes 835 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1531
Crossstreet Traffic 316 W Hastings (downtown)	690 7573
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End)	683 2201
District Office 1055 Mainland (Yale)	687 0032
Fidelity Arts Centre 280 E Cordova (at Main)	689 0926
Fast Net Bombs Vancouver	872 6719
Gastown Actors Studio 36 Powell Street (Gastown)	684 MAXX
Glacier Theatre 2711 Prince Edward (Mount Pleasant)	877 9860
Graceland 1250 Richards (downtown)	688 2648
Hastings Community Centre 2096 E Hastings (East Van)	255 2606
Hemp B.C. 324 W Hastings (downtown)	681 4620
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211
Henry Eye 23 W Cordova (Gastown)	688 5351
Koerner's Pub Gate 4 (UBC)	822 0999
La Quena 1111 Commercial Drive (the Drive)	251 6626
Leisure Club 455 Abbott St (Gastown)	
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)	685 3288
Lux Theatre 57 E Hastings (downtown)	682 5455
Macdon Lowry Room 4125 E Hastings (Burnaby)	685 0145
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown)	688 8701
New York Theatre 369 Commercial Dr (the Drive)	254 3545
Odyssey Imports 354 Seymour (downtown)	689 6644
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown)	682 3291
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown)	665 3050
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown)	731 3456
Paradise Cinema 191 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W Pender (downtown)	682 3221
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC)	822 6273
Pit Gallery 317 W Hastings (downtown)	681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 7050
Punk Listings	684RUXX
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (downtown)	681 1625
Red Eye Cinema 3131 Arden (at 14th Avenue)	738 6311
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)	874 6200
Scratch Records 317A Cambie (downtown)	687 6355
Shed House Cabaret 4125 E Hastings (downtown)	688 2923
Society O'Tobias Favourite (Bellinham)	(206) 734 1539
Starfish Room 1055 Haven (downtown)	682 4171
Starlight Cinema 355 Denman (West End)	689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 915 Station (downtown)	688 3312
3B Tavern 1226 Stave (Bellinham)	(206) 734 1881
Town Pump 66 Water Street (Gastown)	683 6695
Vibe Records 452 Seymour (downtown)	682 7976
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (in the SUB)	822 8550
UBC CINEMA located in the SUB	822 3697
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC)	822 0999
Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1895 Venables	254 9578
Vancouver Centre Cinema 650 W Georgia (downtown)	669 4442
Varsity Theatre 4375 W 10th Avenue (Point Grey)	222 2235
Vide On 1965 Main (South Van)	872 8337
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	257 6205
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)	685 6217
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adan (the Drive)	254 5858
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Girdwood (downtown)	681 9253
Zulu Records 1860 W. 4th Avenue (Kitsilano)	738 3232

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Cheer up, kiddo! There's a whole new world of cool springtime sounds at Zulu in May!

The Denison/Kimball Trio

• Soul Machine

Who'd have thought that a bunch of Indie-Rock Gods could put out a Jazz record that's both adventurous and challenging? Featuring Duane Denison of the mighty Jesus Lizard and James Kimball of Mule, *Soul Machine* explores some interesting territory. From their own aggressive and ambient songs to a piece by Ornette Coleman, the *Denison/Kimball Trio* is sure to please both rock and jazz fans. *Soul Machine* also features a guy from Seam and another Jesus Lizard member.

● 16.98

Flying Saucer Attack

• Further

Contemplative soundscapes of hiss and buzz wash by, feeding back into nowhere and everywhere, layering onto themselves again and again. For your assistance, however, *Flying Saucer Attack* suggest a direction for listening — further, always further.

● 16.98

Pooh Sticks

• Optimistic

The *Pooh Sticks* smell... Smell wonderful that is, and we're "Optimistic" that you'll love this record. Another collection of superbly crafted pop songs that are guaranteed to make you feel all right.

● 16.98 ● 10.98

Tricky

• Maxinquaye

Wake up to this UK soul shot. That's right, Britannia's got soul — cite Massive Attack, Portishead, and now Tricky as examples. Their debut *Maxinquaye* proves crazy with its mix of trip-hop, spookiness and everything the soul can hide.

● 16.98 ● 10.98

Speedy J

• G-Spot

Extremely user friendly ambient soundscapes that diffuse into one's personal domain. *Speedy J*'s second full-length *G-Spot* displays a nice sense of space moving into an environment of groove/textured bliss.

● 16.98 ● 10.98

Yo La Tengo

• Electr-O-Pura

Working from a long history of "classics," the golden touch of *Yo La Tengo* produces another excellent release. Following up from the very fine *Painful LP*, *Electr-O-Pura* takes off and explores previous themes and ideas even further. Man, do these people know how to make great records!

● 14.98 ● 9.98 ● 14.98

The Aphex Twin

• I Care Because

• You Do

UK's most prolific ambient artist, Richard James — a/k/a Polygon Window, AFX, Aphex Twin, etc. — serves another smooth groove. Guaranteed to have you surfing on sine waves and into another oscillating orbit.

● 16.98 ● 10.98 ● 14.98

Rex

• Rex

If Codeine were a little bit country they might sound like *Rex*, but that doesn't quite capture the interesting style of this band. Dark, brooding and sparse with brief suggestions of time and structure through time and space. Quiet with dramatic aplomb. Very recommended.

● 14.98

KMFDM

• Nihil

Post-industrial heavyweights *KMFDM* prove why they're on the vanguard of the TVT Records Crew. On *Nihil*, the mandate remains unaltered — harmony out of annihilating guitar, wrecking ball bass and relentless rhythm — each! Salvation is through deconstruction.

● 14.98 ● 9.98



Spring Things from MATADOR

Zulu Label News!

Perfume Tree

• Fathom the Sky EP

Guaranteed heavy rotation in any vehicle. This 7 song, 45 minute collection of exploratory mixes of new material ranges from dance through dub to ambient stylings, with crisp sampled beats, heavy bass and dark harmonies. The dub reworkings are full of a sonic depth that just might glue your ears to your speakers. Sticky, but pleasant! *CD EP* in stores now



Coming Soon...

knock-down-ginger Snowman's Land

CD and cassette

in stores: May 24th

Perfume Tree

CD and cassette

A Lifetime Away

in stores: May 24th

Zulu Revue Boat Cruise Friday May 12th

Join us for a 3 1/2 hour tour on board the M.V. Abitibi, with live performances by Zulu recording artists *Daytona*, *Perfume Tree* and *knock-down-ginger*.

Kick your evening off with complimentary hors d'oeuvres and cruise Vancouver's inner harbour, yet count on making it back in time to see some "landlubber" bands later, if you like.

Boarding starts at 6:30pm, we pull away from the dock at 7pm SHARP (you snooze, no cruise), and return at 10:30pm. Tickets are \$19.95, available in advance at Zulu, Scratch and Track Records, or at the Zulu Trading Post at the MusicWest Exhibition Hall (sorry, no minors).

This is a special, limited capacity event, so MusicWest wristbands do not apply.

or to be blatant, come get drunk with us aboard the HMS Zulu — ahoy!

Helium

The Dirt of Luck

CD/Cass/LP

(Helium @ the Starfish

Room on May 3rd)

HELIUM

THE DIRT OF LUCK

guided by voices

alien lanes

CD/Cass/LP

Guided

by Voices

Alien Lanes

CD/Cass/LP

Railroad Jerk

One Track Mind

CD/Cass/LP

RAILROAD

ONE TRACK MIND

18th dye

tribute to a bus

CD/Cass/LP

18th Dye

Tribute to a Bus

CD/Cass/LP

Kustomized

The Battle for Space

CD/Cass/LP

KUSTOMIZED

THE BATTLE FOR SPACE

MECCA

NORMAL

Sitting on Snaps

Mecca Normal

Sitting on Snaps

CD/Cass/LP

OTHER NEW RELEASES: Pizzicato 5 *Quickie EP*, Yo La Tengo *Tom Courtney EP*, Amateur soundtrack, Pavement *Wowee Zowie...*